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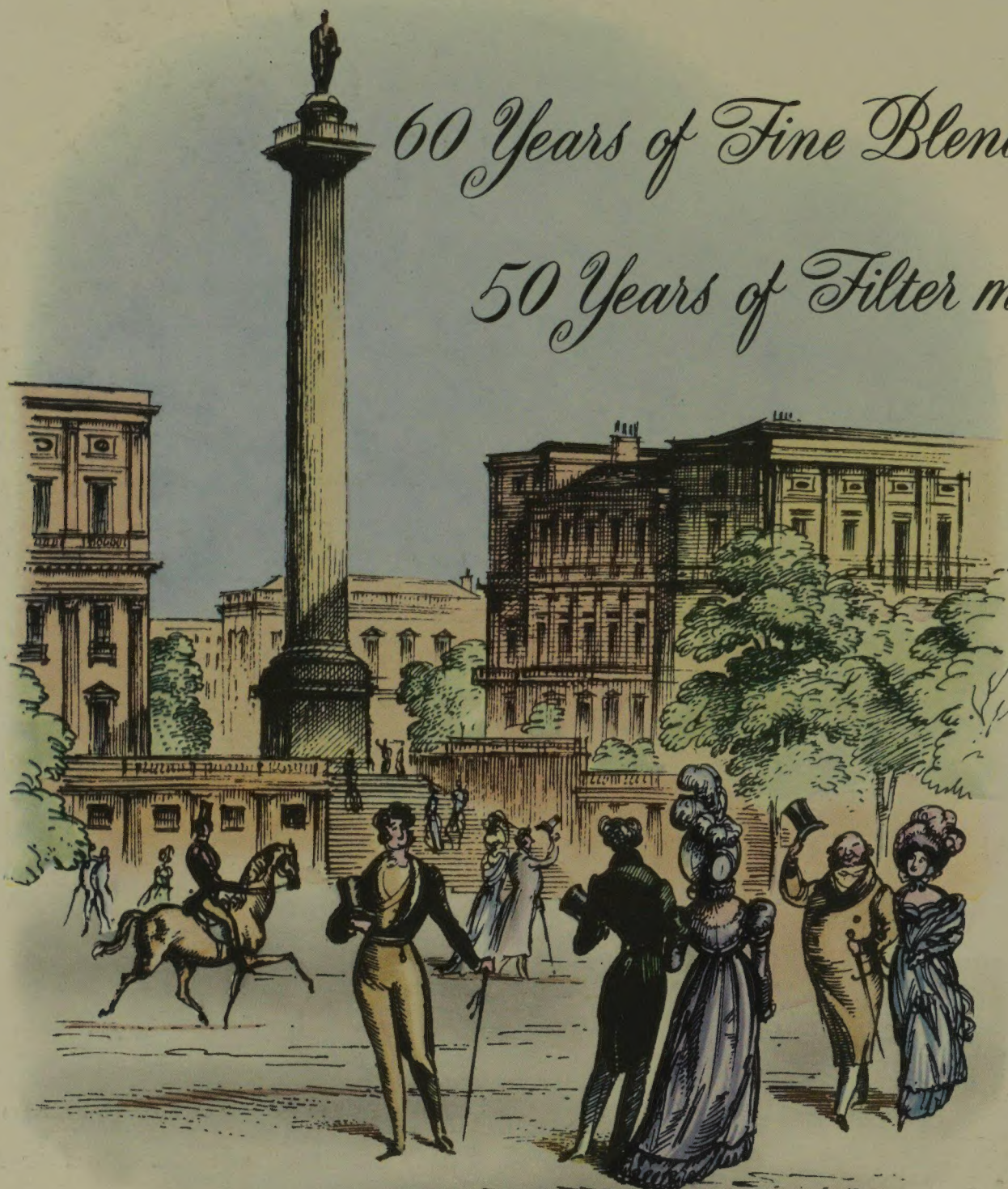


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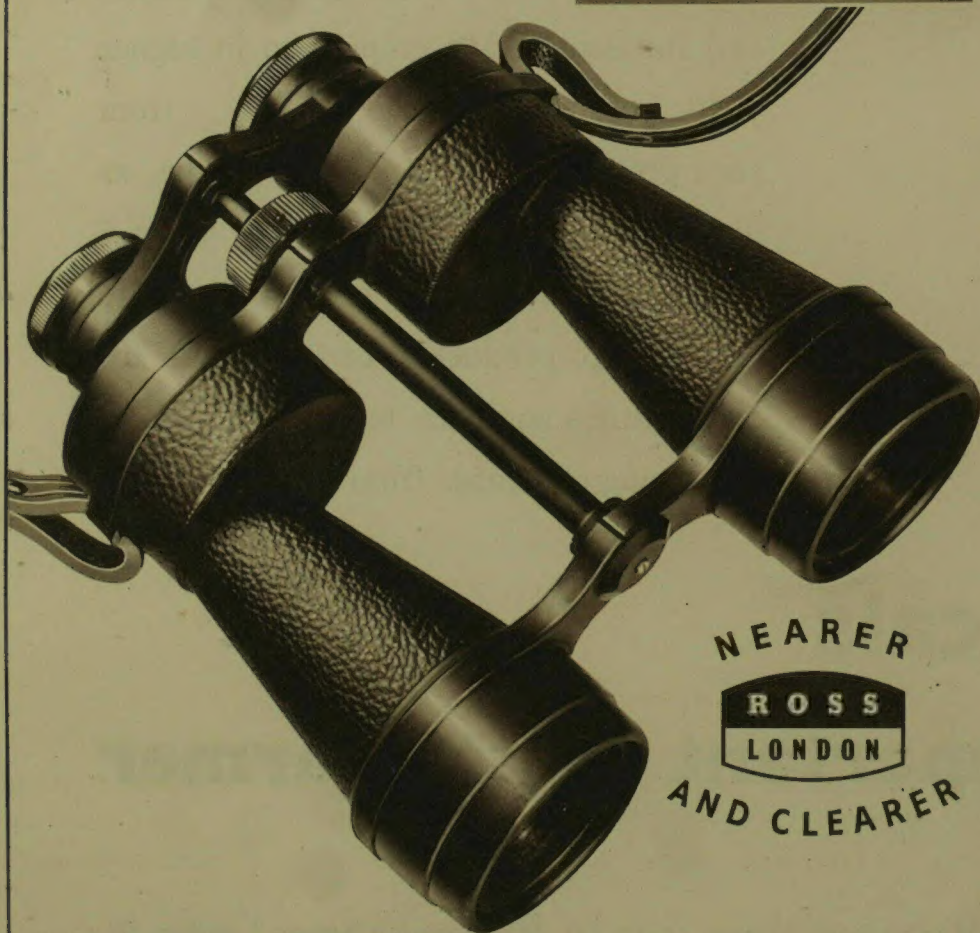
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1957.



MADE TO WITNESS HIS OWN FUNERAL: THE EFFIGY OF PROFESSOR GRIAULE, DRESSED IN HIS OWN CLOTHES, SEATED ABOVE HIS FORMER HOUSE, LOOKS DOWN ON THE STRANGE DOGON CEREMONIES.

During last year the famous French ethnologist, Professor Marcel Griaule, died at the age of fifty-seven and was buried in Paris. Some months later the funerary ceremonies which we illustrate here and on the two succeeding pages took place in the heart of the French Sudan, not far from Bandiagara, about halfway between Timbuctoo and the northern border of Ghana. This is the centre of the country of the Dogon people, rather light-skinned negroes

who inhabit a high plateau of sandstone cliffs. They are an isolated people with an animistic religion, who not so long ago practised human sacrifice. Professor Griaule had lived among them for the last twenty-five years, studying their customs, advising them and winning their love and respect. His death was a great grief to them, and in their simplicity they expected that his body would be exhumed in Paris and brought to them for their last

[Continued overleaf.]

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CONSULTING THE JACKAL ORACLE FOR A FRENCH PROFESSOR'S "BURIAL" IN AFRICA.



THE DOGONS HAD HOPED THAT THEIR BELOVED PROFESSOR WOULD BE EXHUMED AND BROUGHT TO THEM FOR BURIAL. IN DEFAULT, THEY DRESSED AN EFFIGY IN HIS CLOTHES.



THE FIRST EFFIGY (TOP LEFT) WATCHED THE FUNERAL. A SECOND, HERE DRAPED WITH THE SKIN OF A SACRIFICED RAM, IS BEING CARRIED TO BURIAL BY DANCERS IN A SPEEDY BUT SPASMODIC PROGRESS.



A SACRED MUSICIAN OF THE DOGON PEOPLE WHIRLING A WOODEN RHOMBUS, A KIND OF "BULL-ROARER" ON A CORD, REPUTEDLY VERY DIFFICULT TO PLAY.

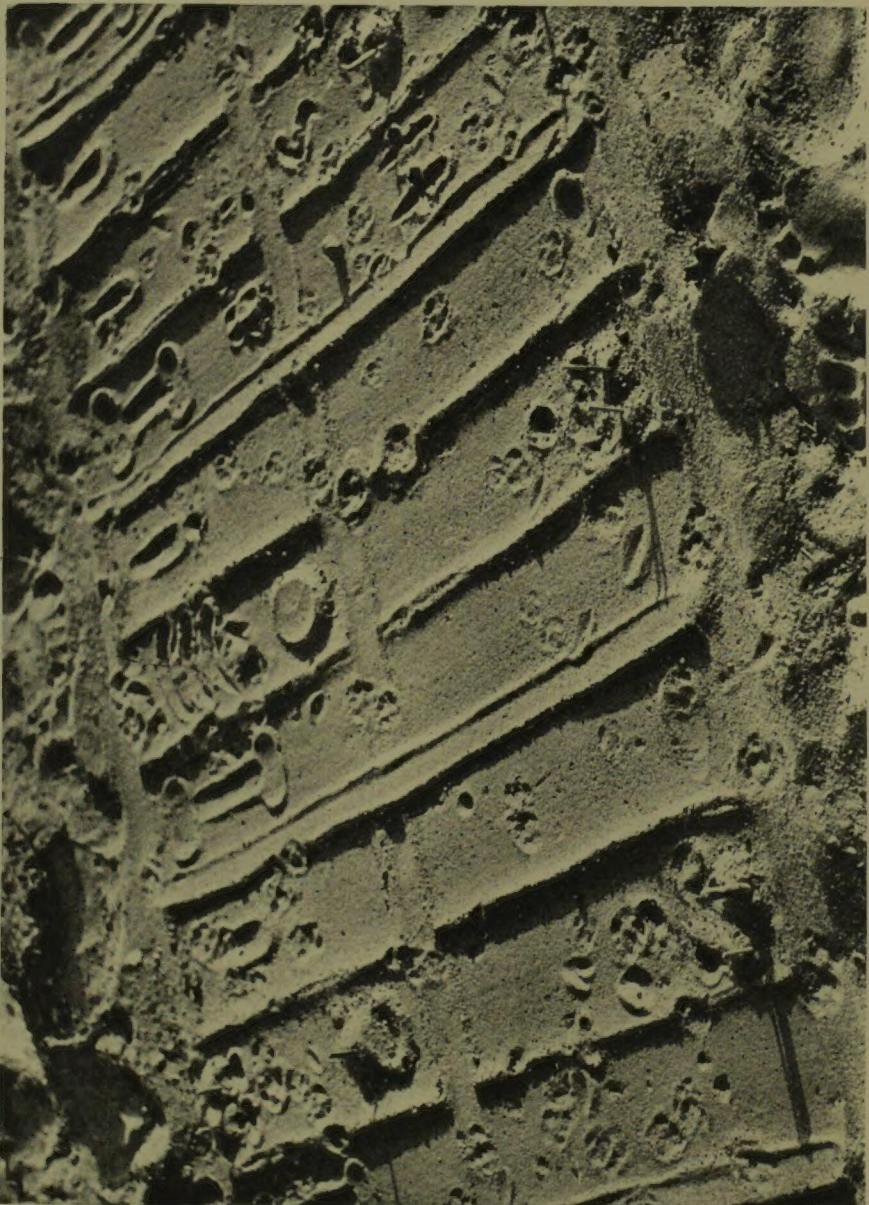
Continued from Frontispiece.]

rites of respect. When they learnt that this could not be so, they made two effigies of the Professor, one to be buried, the other (dressed in clothes the Professor had left behind) to be seated at the ceremonies and to witness, as it were, his own funeral. Some French scientists were present and were allowed to photograph what must be one of the rarest of funerals—a Dogon chieftain's obsequies for a European professor. Before the ceremony, sacrifices were made at Gogoli; and at Sangha, where the Professor had lived, the jackal was consulted as to whether the omens were favourable. The jackal is the Dogon Prometheus, the stealer of knowledge from the gods. A sand pattern was drawn on the ground and sprinkled with millet and ground-nuts one evening. During

[Continued on opposite page, centre.]



CONSULTING THE JACKAL, WHO IS THE PROMETHEUS OF THE DOGONS AND STOLE KNOWLEDGE FOR THEM FROM THE GODS: A PRIEST MARKS OUT A SAND PATTERN WITH VARIOUS SYMBOLS.



THE SAME PATTERN THE FOLLOWING MORNING: A JACKAL, COLLECTING THE SCATTERED MILLET AND GROUND-NUTS, LEAVES A SIGNIFICANT PATTERN OF TRACKS, WHICH THE PRIEST INTERPRETS.

UNIQUE RECORDS OF A BURIAL-IN-EFFIGY: AN AFRICAN TRIBUTE TO A FRENCH FRIEND.



(Left.) AFTER THE BURIAL OF THE EFFIGY, DOGON MUSICIANS GATHER ON TOP OF THE WALL, WHERE THE BLOOD OF THE RAM SACRIFICED CAN BE SEEN.

Continued from facing page.
the night a jackal visited the pattern to eat the food, and the placing of his tracks on the sand supplied the omens. These being favourable, the first effigy was set up to watch and the second laid on a stretcher. A ram was sacrificed

[Continued below, left.]

(Above, right.) A GROUP OF RITUAL "THIEVES" WITH JACKAL SYMBOLS ENACT THE MYTH OF THE JACKAL WHO STOLE WISDOM FROM THE GODS FOR MAN.



ONE OF THE SYMBOLIC COMBATS WHICH CONTINUED FOR SEVERAL DAYS. AMONG THE ELDERS ONE HOLDS A WHITE FLAG REPRESENTING OGOTEMMELI, A RECENTLY DEAD DOGON FRIEND OF THE LATE PROFESSOR GRIAULE.



THE SYMBOLICAL COMBATS, WHICH REPRESENT THE STRUGGLE AGAINST EVIL SPIRITS, WERE KEPT UP BY FRESH TEAMS FROM NEARBY VILLAGES.



A SYMBOLICAL DUEL BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL. IN THESE "BATTLES" THE DOGONS REVEALED ALL THE GIFTS OF BORN ACTORS.

Continued.]

and its stripped-off pelt was laid over this effigy to warm the "body." This "body" was then carried in a strange symbolical dance—with pauses and hesitations epitomising the broken course of life—to the place of burial—above a dam which the Professor had helped to build; and the burial was followed by several days of feasting and symbolical combats and duels which were kept up for three days by relays of men from the neighbouring villages. Some



THE DANCE OF THE MASKED DANCERS WHICH ENDED THE CEREMONIES. THE DANCERS WEAR MASKS OF WOOD, FIBRE AND COWRIES AND THEIR COSTUME IS OF BLACK, YELLOW AND RED. THE "BULL-ROARER" IS THE VOICE OF THE "MOTHER OF MASKS."

of these combats symbolised the struggles with evil spirits, others re-enacted the feat of the Prometheus-jackal in stealing knowledge from the gods. A feast of masks ended the ceremonies when members of a secret society wearing masks performed a dance to liberate the soul of Professor Griaule from earthly ties and to allow him to take his place in the paradise of the Dogons.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"TWO acres just south of the Strand," wrote Hilaire Belloc, "is a good situation for land." So are 800 or 900 acres between Whitehall and Church Street, Kensington—the area in the heart of London covered by the Royal Parks of St. James's, the Green Park, Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens—an almost continuous haven of greenery in an arid ocean of brick, stone, concrete and roaring, grinding traffic. Measured in terms of money—of what men eager to make money, that is, would pay for the right to turn them to other and commercial uses—their potential value is almost incalculable. In terms of human happiness and well-being the service they perform the public is far beyond price. If I were to be faced with the excruciating choice of having to sacrifice to the destroying hand of Moloch or Progress—and I have noticed that the two usually turn out to be synonymous—on the one hand St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, or, on the other, the Royal Parks, I should be hard put to it to know which of these two unthinkable evils to select. For I believe God to be as surely served by these noble temples of nature in the heart of the world's greatest city as by its two historic and glorious cathedrals. All of them remind the passing generations of city dwellers that the values of the market-place and of Vanity Fair are ephemeral; their aisles of ancient stone and great avenues of forest trees alike testify to His greatness and direct men's thoughts instinctively to the source of life and the inscrutable but continuing purpose for which it is created. To destroy any of them for any purpose whatever would be an act of intolerable sacrilege and, for the continuing State that permitted such desecration and destruction, of spiritual suicide.

Though the troopers of Cromwell's Commonwealth once stabled their horses in St. Paul's, and though both it and the Abbey have at several times in our history been in danger of decay and even collapse through men's neglect, there is little or no present threat to these two famous churches. No one, so far as I know, proposes to drive a road through them or, by siting a car-park under them, to have them condemned as unsafe and superfluous. And though I have no doubt that if they were for sale, some millionaire or speculating estate company's legal right to destroy and replace them by more readily exploitable buildings would quickly become as sacrosanct, in the eyes of Authority, as the right of its purchasers to pull down the St. James's Theatre, the Church at present scarcely seems likely, to say the least of it, to offer the site value of these priceless but non-profit-earning possessions on the market. Though it should be remembered that it did, and at no very remote date, dispose of in this way, and for cash, a number of Wren's beautiful and historic City churches, advancing, for doing so, strong and plausible arguments of an ecclesiastical, as well as of a financial kind.

The Royal Parks in London's heart are not so well protected. Their only element of sanction in the eyes of the State is their nominal association with the Crown—their original donor to the Nation and Public. And the Crown and its Wearer, as a somewhat buoyant young gentleman has recently reminded us, is by no means immune from attack, however tasteless or irresponsible. Nor are its possessions. If some publicist in search of notoriety and its attendant gains were to start a campaign to turn the gardens of Buckingham Palace into a car-park or the site of a block of working-class flats, there would be plenty of publicity offered in the Press and on the air for the proposal which would then no doubt quickly attract followers or alleged followers. There would be Gallup-polls, opinion quizzes, pompous leading articles and "columnist" smears on the subject, and all the usual preliminaries that under our so-called democratic system precede statutory authority for commercial exploitation. There would probably be, at any rate at the present time, a strong enough reaction of disgust and outraged loyalty at the shabbiness and indecency of the project to ensure its rejection. But I doubt if by now any sufficiently articulate and effective opposition would be found to protect the Royal Parks from serious attack if sufficiently powerful vested interests—and there are many in our State to-day—were

to cast covetous eyes and lay sacrilegious hands on this, in reality, ancient piece of public property, though millions, both living and still to be born, would suffer from the consequences.

"God Almighty first planted a garden and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures," wrote Bacon in his essay on Gardens. "It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks; and a man shall ever see that, when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." The historic London Parks that were once the private pleasures of the Royal palaces of Whitehall, St. James's and Kensington are among the noblest examples of gardening on the grand scale ever devised. They are more beautiful, in my view, than the great Royal parks and gardens of the Continent, because those who laid them out were more understanding of the distinction between architecture and gardening; in the English aristocratic tradition, they used Nature as the raw material of their grand design and made their finest effects with combinations of trees, lawns and sky. If there is anything more beautiful on earth—I will not say as beautiful, for happily, even in Britain to-day, there is much still that is that—than the great row of elms and planes along the straight mile of Rotten Row, I have yet to see it; the only thing in that repository of high civilisation, the Isle of France, that quite equals it is the serried march of ancient chestnuts on the terrace at St. Germain. Even to-day, when it is flanked on one side by a noisy car-park and a pseudo-arterial road, and on the other by a bathing lido, and is constantly being invaded by exercise-allergic officials' and contractors' cars and vans and by small boys and policemen taking short-cuts on bicycles, it retains a wonderful capacity for conveying a sense of remoteness, quietude and peace.

One has only to visit the now devastated and treeless area along the violated Broad Walk at the western end of Kensington Gardens to realise how barren and denuded Hyde Park would look without this magnificent legacy from a more cultured and far-sighted age. The same is true of the magnificent quadrangle of trees to the south of the Row enclosing the area

SAVED FOR POSTERITY: A 200-YEAR-OLD BARGE.



AT GREENWICH: COMMANDER W. E. MAY, DEPUTY DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, INSPECTING A 200-YEAR-OLD BARGE FORMERLY USED BY THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE ADMIRALTY, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE MUSEUM.

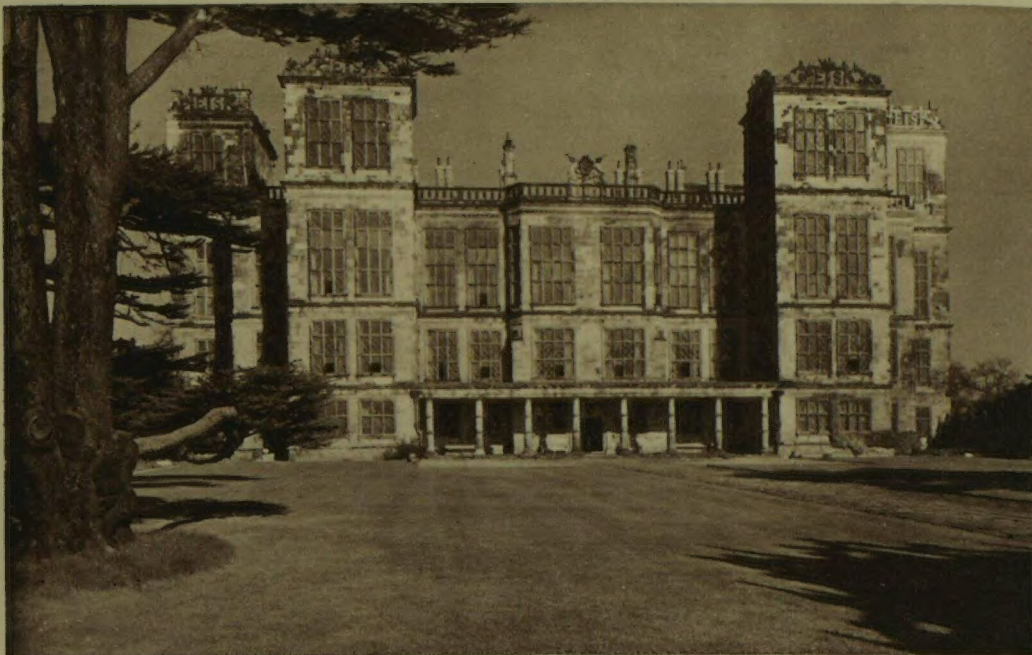
The National Maritime Museum at Greenwich has recently acquired a 200-year-old barge which was once used by the Commissioners of the Admiralty. It is one of two which have been in Chatham Dock Yard, where they were being stored. The Museum heard about them and have now saved them for posterity. They have been renovated and repainted and the gold leaf on them has been renewed.

formerly given over to the Great Exhibition of 1851 and in our time to football and cricket pitches. Linked as these are to the skies—and one feels to Heaven—by this encompassing Jacob's ladder of forest trees, they assume a dignity and grace which modern democracy too often lacks and without which freedom misses its ultimate purpose. For the end of liberty, it is forgotten, is that man should be enabled to be worthy of his Maker and to realise his full stature and capacity, and these trees in their patterned glory remind one of what the Creator of the world can both achieve and can inspire his creature, Man, to do. That the Ministry of Works has at last awoken to the magnitude of the trust imposed on it by the past and is planting young trees to succeed those which, in the fullness of time, will decay or fall, is something for which to be profoundly grateful, though the leeway of nearly fifty wasted years has to be made good and there are still many gaps, especially at the two extremities of the avenue, crying to be filled. As for the publicists and professional busybodies, in the Press and on the air, who plead that the Royal Parks should be regarded as so much wasted space to be carved into boulevards and arterial roads to solve a traffic problem created by an uneconomic and wasteful use of the ephemeral means of transport of the hour, or that the trees should be felled to facilitate the building of underground garages, one can only pray that those responsible for the people of London's heritage will turn a deaf ear to such special pleading for the particular against the general. Private motor-cars, like multi-storeyed luxury hotels and helicopter landing-grounds for visiting millionaires, are a preserve of a minority and ought not to be provided at the expense of the transmitted property of the nation. The latter is the concern and interest of every man, woman and child, rich and poor alike, who lives in London or visits it, and should be guarded with the same vigilance and jealousy as the Crown Jewels or the very Crown itself.



"HENRY VII AND HENRY VIII": THE FAMOUS HOLBEIN CARTOON WHICH IS AMONG THE EIGHT MAJOR WORKS OF ART ACQUIRED FOR THE NATION FROM THE CHATSWORTH COLLECTIONS. IT GOES TO THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

ACQUIRED FOR THE NATION: CHATSWORTH TREASURES AND HARDWICK HALL.



ALSO ACCEPTED IN SETTLEMENT OF ESTATE DUTY: HARDWICK HALL—A VIEW OF THE WEST FRONT OF THIS OUTSTANDING ELIZABETHAN HOUSE IN DERBYSHIRE.



THE BLUE BEDROOM: ONE OF THE MANY IMPOSING ROOMS AT HARDWICK HALL, WHICH WAS BUILT BETWEEN 1590 AND 1597 BY ELIZABETH, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY—KNOWN AS BESS OF HARDWICK.



TO GO TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE SUPERB GREEK BRONZE HEAD OF APOLLO FROM CHATSWORTH. IT DATES FROM 470-460 B.C.



ONE OF THE CHIEF GLORIES OF HARDWICK HALL: THE HIGH GREAT CHAMBER, WITH ITS REMARKABLE PLASTER FRIEZE, WHICH IS ALMOST CERTAINLY THE WORK OF ABRAHAM SMITH, BESS OF HARDWICK'S OWN PLASTERER.

On August 13 it was announced that agreement had been reached by the Treasury and the Inland Revenue with the Trustees of the Chatsworth Settlement for the acceptance of Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire, its contents and Hardwick Park, and of eight major works of art from the collections at Chatsworth, in settlement of estate duty of a little over £1.2 million on the estate of the tenth Duke of Devonshire, who died in 1950. Hardwick Hall, which was built by Bess of Hardwick between 1590 and 1597, is one of the outstanding examples of Elizabethan domestic architecture and contains a fine collection of furniture and works of art, in large part associated with the house since

its erection. Negotiations are proceeding between the Treasury and the National Trust for the transfer to the Trust of Hardwick Hall and its contents, and of Hardwick Park. Two of the eight major works of art from Chatsworth are shown above. The other six—also of superlative importance—are: the Donne Triptych by Hans Memlinc, Rembrandt's "The Philosopher" (both going to the National Gallery), the Benedictional of St. Aethelwold (a masterpiece of the Winchester School of illumination), the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude Lorraine, the Van Dyck Sketch Book (all three going to the British Museum), and the four Gothic Hunting Tapestries (going to the V. and A.)

LAST week I made some comments on the rôle of the British contingent in the suppression of the rebellion in Oman. I suggested that (at the time of writing) this appeared unhappily reminiscent of that of the Duke of Plaza-Toro. I need hardly say that what I then wrote was not intended to be a reflection on the troops concerned. Perhaps I may make bold to say that those, at all events, who are familiar with my writings, here and elsewhere, are not likely to think so. I hold strongly to the opinion that when things have gone wrong in martial events ranging from big wars to obscure scuffles, the responsibility has more often been that of rulers or people, or both, than of British armed forces.

My intention was, on the contrary, to protest against British troops being put in a false position. The soldier—and I use the word to cover the men of all three services—knows, whether he be volunteer or conscript, that fighting is one of the jobs to be taken as they come. If there is any on hand, he does not expect to be kept in cotton-wool, whatever the scale of the business. In this case, it had been announced, first of all, that land forces would not be used at all—a comprehensible arrangement if there were no need of them, in view of the great heat. Next we were told that their rôle would be purely one of support. Finally, to the gratification of most people in this country, they were employed boldly and decisively in the capture of Nizwa.

It is evident that the place could not have been taken and that the little campaign would have been impossible without the Royal Air Force, the armoured cars of the 15/19th Hussars, and the Cameronians. It is equally clear that air strikes would not have sufficed, at all events without undue battering of the Sultan's subjects, the innocent along with the guilty. A certain amount of trial and error generally enters into such affairs, but in this case such evidence as was available suggested that success might be beyond the capacity of the local forces alone. At the one point at which there was any serious resistance, it proved in fact to be spirited.

The honest and responsible critic of the political handling of the affair must begin by acknowledging that the international implications were complex and serious. Uproar and intrigue from unfriendly quarters were certain to appear sooner or later. Every shot fired by the handful of troops operating in those wastes would echo throughout the world. We had to expect criticism from quarters normally friendly. The reactions of the United States—which has forgotten all about a little affair in an American republic that raised hardly a murmur here except on the extreme Left Wing—could not be predicted. For various reasons we did not desire to irritate Saudi Arabia unduly, even though its present attitude towards us is by no means friendly. The Government doubtless considered that it ought to walk warily.

On the other hand, it considered that it ought to give aid to the Sultan and that failure to do so would have calamitous effects in a region where we wanted very much to preserve our prestige and reputation for keeping our word. Those who

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

MILITARY SUCCESS—POLITICAL TIMIDITY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

have been responsible for the policy actually pursued and those who support them—I assume they exist, though I have not yet met any of them—can now argue that a number of unpleasant things have happened. Once more Iraq finds herself, in company with partners who would destroy her if they could or dared, summoning Britain before the beak. As a member of the Arab League she is taking part in an appeal to the Security Council in favour of the rebels of

once unleashed, were so prompt and thorough in their work. Otherwise the world atmosphere created by the Oman revolt would have been worse than it is.

Another weakness has been in the field of publicity. Here once again it may be admitted that caution was natural, but once again the manner of it defeated its own ends. Whose was the responsibility for the ineptitudes is unknown to me, but they smelt of bureaucratic cant. It is a relatively innocent type of cant because it deceives nobody, but it strongly invites ridicule. In this instance it obviously irritated the newspaper correspondents, who retaliated by guying the most inappropriate announcements. One cannot blame frustrated journalists, sent on an expensive mission and anxious to make the best of a subject of very great interest to all the newspapers in this country and many elsewhere.

No praise can be too high for the way in which the job was tackled by the Royal Air Force and the British armoured cars and infantry, with the aid of the Trucial Oman Scouts, when they were all given a free hand. The combination and co-ordination of air and land forces would seem to have been ideal for the conduct of a small war under modern conditions. The news coming in as these words are written suggests that the little campaign was as effective as it was swift. Resistance at all the points where any notable force had been mustered is reported to have collapsed. The leaders have fled to the hills. It was a trying enough test for young European troops, not because of the strength of the enemy's resistance, but by reason of the fierce heat. Little time was given in which to get accustomed to this bleak oven-like land.

If it is decided that the revolt has been scotched, apart from some mopping-up, it will be right to remove the troops. This should, however, be a matter for the appreciation of the commander on the spot, taking politics into consideration but not allowing them to override his judgment. Apparently dying sparks sometimes start new fires all too quickly in these affairs. One's mind goes back to more serious business on the North-West Frontier in 1935, starting with the Loe-Agra campaign. Two brigadiers who became field-m Marshals, by name Alexander and Auchinleck, took part in this series of operations. The job was to all appearances thoroughly carried out—the troops were withdrawn, back came the firebrand, and the whole thing had to be laid on again.

The outstanding lesson to be derived from the revolt against the Sultan of Oman is that, when we find ourselves faced by a military task which we deem to be unavoidable, we ought not to give the impression that we are in any way ashamed of it or half-hearted about undertaking it. This impression has happily been dispelled, but there can be no doubt that it was created in the first instance. It is also clear that the Middle East is still one of the most sensitive areas in the world. Sensitivity calls for prudence in action, but prudence and timidity are not synonymous. Finally, the "spokesmen" seem to require a tonic, or—for the weakness of their utterances may not be all their own fault—better briefs.



THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT AND OMAN, SAID BIN TAIMUR, WITH HIS FOREIGN MINISTER, MR. NEIL INNES: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

On August 14 the Sultan of Muscat and Oman issued a statement thanking Britain for her military assistance in quelling the rising of the Imam, which was stated to have come to an end. On the same day British troops, at the Sultan's request, blew up Tanuf fort, which had surrendered on August 13 and had been the chief centre of one of the three leaders of the revolt. Mr. Neil Innes was formerly in the Sudan Political Service and became Foreign Minister to the Sultan some three years ago.

Oman. My answer to this plea for a late start and for half-measures is that it is, in fact, that they have caused, or at least aggravated, the trouble. What *The Daily Telegraph* describes as "the appearance of reluctant and inadequate action" has not prevented the critics from criticising or the hostile from going further. It has provided them with more time and opportunities for mockery. Besides, the contrary appearance, that of quick and resolute action taken coolly and confidently, is impressive. It was fortunate indeed that the British troops,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



HOLLAND. NEAR EINDHOVEN: A HEAD-ON COLLISION BETWEEN TWO ELECTRIC TRAINS IN WHICH FIVE PEOPLE WERE KILLED.

On August 12, two passenger trains collided head-on near Eindhoven, in Holland. Five people were killed and about fifty injured, twenty-four of them seriously. Military rescue teams helped to release people from the wreckage. Some carriages were thrown from the track.



HOLLAND. ONE OF THE TRAINS INVOLVED IN THE COLLISION NEAR EINDHOVEN. MOST OF THE PASSENGERS WERE DUTCH HOLIDAYMAKERS.

(Right.)

INDIA. THE STATUE OF A FAMOUS BRITISH GENERAL BEING REMOVED IN CALCUTTA. THE STATUE HAS LONG BEEN A WELL-KNOWN LAND-MARK.

On August 7, the statue in Calcutta of General Outram, who played an important part in the quelling of the Indian Mutiny, was officially removed. A statue of Gandhi is to be erected in its place. On August 14 the official celebrations of the tenth anniversary of Indian Independence and of the centenary of the Mutiny were inaugurated. The statue, by John Henry Foley, is in bronze and has been a famous Calcutta landmark for ninety-seven years.



NORWAY. J. CULBREATH OF THE UNITED STATES BREAKING THE WORLD 440 YARDS HURDLES RECORD IN OSLO ON AUGUST 9. THE OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD IS 51.3 SECS. AND HIS TIME WAS 50.5 SECS.



CAIRO, EGYPT. ONE OF THE THIRTEEN EGYPTIANS ACCUSED OF TRYING TO OVERTHROW PRESIDENT NASSER'S REGIME: MOHAMED SALAH ED-DIN (CENTRE).

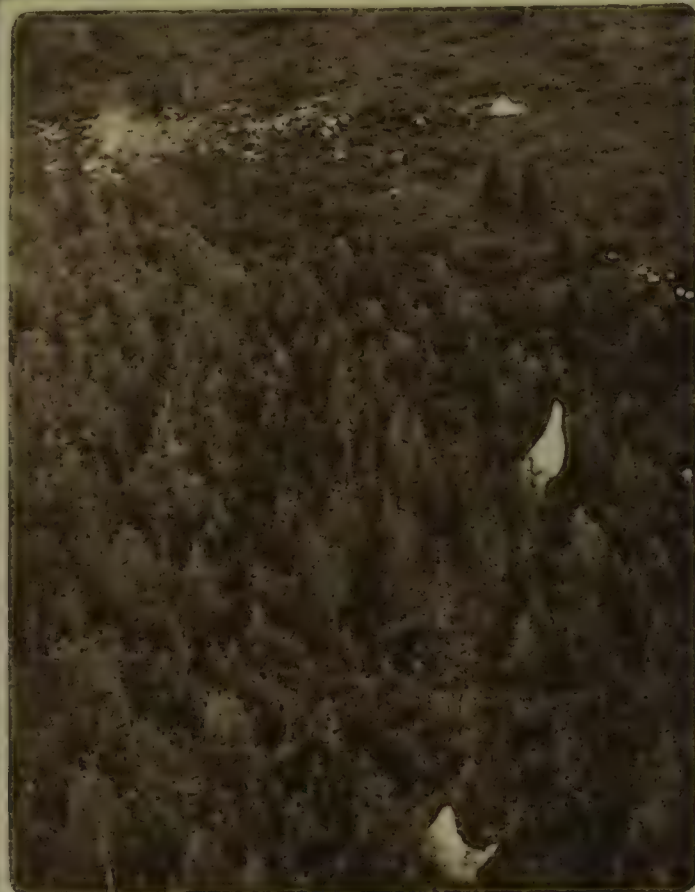


CAIRO, EGYPT. SAID TO BE THE RINGLEADER OF THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST PRESIDENT NASSER: RETIRED BRIGADIER ATEF NASSER, WHO HAS BEEN ILL. The trial of thirteen Egyptians accused of conspiring to overthrow President Nasser's régime opened at a military court in Cairo on August 12. Among the accused are Mohamed Salah ed-Din, Egyptian Foreign Minister from December 1950 to January 1952, and a retired Brigadier, Atef Nasser, who is alleged to be the ringleader.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



CANADA. EIGHTEEN MILES FROM QUEBEC CITY: THE WRECKAGE OF THE DC-4 AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED, ON ITS WAY FROM LONDON TO TORONTO, ON AUGUST 11, WITH THE LOSS OF SEVENTY-NINE LIVES. The worst aircraft disaster in Canadian history occurred on August 11 when a four-engined DC-4 belonging to Maritimes Central Airways crashed south-west of Quebec City. All the seventy-three passengers and the crew of six were killed. The aircraft had been chartered by the Imperial War Veterans' Association of Toronto.



CANADA. IN THE WOODED MARSHLAND WHERE THE DC-4 CRASHED: PARACHUTES AND WRECKAGE MARK THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

(Right.) SWITZERLAND: AFTER BEING RESCUED FROM THE NORTH WALL OF THE EIGER PEAK: CLAUDIO CORTI BEING BROUGHT DOWN TO SAFETY ON A SLEDGE.

Claudio Corti, the sole survivor of the four climbers stranded on the Eiger peak in the Swiss Alps, was taken to hospital at Inter-laken on August 12. The rescue party carrying Corti had a perilous journey down the south-west ridge from the Eiger summit. They had to spend the night in the snow and reached the Eiger glacier railway station after a journey lasting more than twenty-four hours. Corti was suffering from a head injury, cut hands and frost-bite, and weakness from lack of food and long exposure.



SWITZERLAND. STRAPPED TO A STRETCHER: CLAUDIO CORTI, THE RESCUED ITALIAN CLIMBER, AFTER HE HAD BEEN BROUGHT DOWN FROM THE EIGER.



ISRAEL. ON THE ISRAELI-SYRIAN BORDER: MEMBERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS TRUCE SUPERVISION ORGANISATION PATROLLING NEAR AN OBSERVATION POST.

In an attempt to prevent a repetition of hostilities, United Nations observation posts were set up along the Israeli-Syrian border in July for a trial period. Our photographs show members of the United Nations Truce Supervision Organisation keeping watch on the border near Gonen, in Israel.



ISRAEL. NEAR GONEN: AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED NATIONS TRUCE SUPERVISION ORGANISATION KEEPING WATCH ON THE ISRAELI-SYRIAN BORDER.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



THE UNITED STATES. DISCOVERED ON AUGUST 2 BY A CZECHOSLOVAK ASTRONOMER: THE NEW COMET PHOTOGRAPHED FROM WISCONSIN. The new comet, named after the Czechoslovak astronomer Mrkos, who first observed it on August 2, is seen above as photographed through the 24-in. telescope of the University of Chicago's Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wisconsin. It has been seen clearly from Britain.



WEST BERLIN. AS SEEN FROM THE BERLIN RADIO TOWER: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE REBUILT DEUTSCHLANDHALLE, WHICH IS REPLACING THE ORIGINAL BUILDING BOMBED DURING THE WAR. THE NEW DEUTSCHLANDHALLE, WHICH WILL HOLD 16,000 PEOPLE, IS EXPECTED TO BE OPENED NEXT MONTH.



DENMARK. SAFETY FIRST AND NO OPPORTUNITY OF THROWING OVER THE TRACES: SMALL CHILDREN FROM A NURSERY SCHOOL CROSSING A COPENHAGEN STREET EACH WITH ONE WRIST BOUND TO THE REINS.



DENMARK. IN COPENHAGEN: THE WRECKAGE OF THE RUSSIAN ILYUSHIN AIRLINER WHICH CRASHED INTO THE HARBOUR WITH THE LOSS OF TWENTY-THREE LIVES, SEEN AT LOW TIDE. Eighteen passengers, two of whom were British, and the crew of five lost their lives on August 15 when a Russian Ilyushin aircraft hit a factory chimney in Copenhagen and nose-dived into the harbour while going in to land at Kastrup Airport. This was believed to be the first Russian civil airline crash in Western Europe.



DENMARK. IN COPENHAGEN HARBOUR: THE TAIL OF THE WRECKED RUSSIAN AIRLINER, WITH ITS SOVIET FLAG, SEEN DURING SALVAGE OPERATIONS. THE AIRCRAFT SANK IN 22 FT. OF WATER.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



BERLIN. OFF TO A FLYING START IN WHAT IS CLAIMED AS THE FIRST POODLE RACE EVER HELD IN BERLIN: A LIGHT-HEARTED CLIMAX TO A RECENT POODLE SHOW AT THE FUNKTURM GROUNDS. THE DOGS RAN TO THEIR OWNERS' CALL.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. MODELS OF THE SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE, DESIGNED BY THE DANISH ARCHITECT, MR. JOERN UTZON. CONSTRUCTION STARTS SOON. This revolutionary new Opera House, which will be sited at Benelong Point on the shores of Sydney Harbour, won a prize of £A5000 for its architect. The cost is estimated at £A3,500,000, and it will be partly financed by quarterly lotteries. It has aroused some controversy, but the N.S.W. Premier announced in July that construction would soon begin.



NEW YORK. IN TO THE CITY AND OUT—ON A HOT SUMMER'S DAY; AND SURPRISINGLY THE CITY-BOUND TRAFFIC (RIGHT) ON THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE IS THE HEAVIER.



NEW YORK. THE COUNTER-ATTACK TO THE ASIAN INFLUENZA: DRILLING FERTILE HEN'S EGGS IN A NEW YORK LABORATORY AS GROWTH CELLS FOR THE VIRUS.

On August 16 there were reported to be between 20,000 and 25,000 cases of Asian influenza in the United States, mostly in the services in California. On August 19 a suspected outbreak of this influenza was reported at a Y.M.C.A. training school at Botley, Hants, where thirty-six boys were affected.



HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY. "MAKING HIS MARK" AND RECORDING HIS HEIGHT ON A TRAFFIC SIGN: A 6 FT. 6 INS. TALL MEMBER OF AN INTERNATIONAL "TALL MEN'S CLUB," AT ITS RECENT ANNUAL MEETING.



LAKE CANANDAIGUA, U.S.A. MR. DONALD CAMPBELL IN THE JET-POWERED BLUEBIRD. DURING HIS LAST ATTEMPT TO BEAT HIS OWN WORLD WATER-SPEED RECORD OF 225.63 M.P.H. During this month Mr. Campbell has been attempting to lower on this New York State lake the record he made on Coniston last September. Persistent swell robbed him of success and during the last attempt this month, on August 16, Bluebird hit the wake of another craft while travelling at about 240 m.p.h. and suffered considerable damage. For about 200 ft. the hydroplane was clear of the water and travelling through the air.



BONN, WEST GERMANY. THE "DE-NAZIFIED" VERSIONS OF THE 1939-45 WAR MEDALS WHICH WEST GERMANS ARE NOW ALLOWED TO WEAR, AS FROM AUGUST 6. At the upper left is the Knight's Cross, with its several emblems, with (lower left) three versions of the Iron Cross. At the upper right are the gold and silver versions of the German Cross; in the right centre (l. to r.) the Infantry Battle Medal, the Russian Winter Campaign Medal, and a Battle Medal with bayonet fighting. Below these are Wounded Medals in black, silver and gold.

NOW 2,000,000 MEMBERS STRONG: THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION REACH A NEW MILESTONE



OVER FIFTY YEARS AGO: THE ONE-ROOM OFFICE IN FLEET STREET, LENT BY A FOUNDER MEMBER, WHICH WAS THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION'S FIRST HEADQUARTERS.



WEARING AN ARMLET AND AN ENAMEL DISC: A MEMBER OF ONE OF THE FIRST A.A. PATROLS. THE A.A. MEN, WHO STARTED ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD IN 1905, RODE PEDAL-CYCLES.

FIFTY-TWO YEARS OF SERVICE TO MOTORISTS: THE A.A. OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.



JUST FIFTY-TWO YEARS LATER: TWO OF THE A.A.'S NEW SOLO MOTOR-CYCLE ROAD SERVICE OUTFITS. TO-DAY MORE AND MORE A.A. MOBILE UNITS PROVIDE ASSISTANCE TO MEMBERS WHO GET INTO DIFFICULTIES ON THE ROADS.

ON August 15 the Automobile Association announced that their membership had reached 2,000,000—just seven years to the day since the millionth member was enrolled. The millionth member was Princess Anne, whose seventh birthday coincided with the A.A.'s announcement. The A.A. was founded in 1905, with fewer than a hundred members, and the first A.A. patrols, who started on the Brighton Road, rode pedal-cycles. In those days the men on patrol had no uniforms but wore arm-bands with the letters A.A. stencilled on them, and enamel discs, bearing their A.A. numbers, on the front of their

[Continued below.]



IN THE EARLY 'THIRTIES WHEN THE A.A. FIRST USED AIRCRAFT TO AUGMENT ROAD SERVICES: AN AIRCRAFT PASSING A MESSAGE TO A PATROL



IN 1957: THE A.A.'S SPOTTER AIRCRAFT, AN AUSTER ALPINE, WHICH MAINTAINS RADIO CONTACT WITH A.A. OFFICES AND MOBILE UNITS ON THE GROUND. IT IS USED FOR OBSERVING TRAFFIC CONDITIONS, AND FOR DIRECTING ASSISTANCE TO MOTORISTS.



REPLACING THE PEDAL-CYCLES: A ROAD SERVICE OUTFIT OF THE EARLY 'TWENTIES, WHEN THE A.A. PATROL SERVICE WAS GRADUALLY MECHANISED.

[Continued.] jackets. One side of this disc was red and the other white. When the police were operating road traps the A.A. scouts displayed the red side as a warning to members. When motorists saw the white side uppermost they knew that the road was clear and that they were in no danger of being caught in a speed trap. Within a few years police persecution of motorists began to lessen and the A.A. was able to devote more time to helping its members in other ways, including first-aid repairs when their cars broke down, a frequent occurrence in those days. As the organisation expanded so did its many



A LINK IN THE A.A.'S PRESENT-DAY RADIO NETWORK: ONE OF THE MANY MOBILE RADIO UNITS WHICH COVER 38,000 SQUARE MILES OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

services to motorists and to-day this remarkable Association, which has succeeded in doubling its already huge membership in just seven years, provides comprehensive and courteous service to its members all over the country. A few statistics for 1956 give some idea of the scope of the work carried out by the A.A. Apart from the valuable work of patrols on roads throughout the country, they also erected 88,000 temporary signs for emergency diversions, special events, and so on. Free breakdown service was given to 281,000 members, while free legal advice was given to members on 200,000 occasions.

"OUR SPECIAL ARTIST" DURING THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

"VIZETELLY COVERS THE CONFEDERACY." By W. STANLEY HOOLE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE reader who looks at the book-reference at the bottom of this page may well wonder as to what sort of strange publication has engaged my attention, and why on earth I am devoting a whole page in this journal to an eccentric pamphlet about the American Civil War (or War between the States, as those termed it who thought that the South had at least as much right to detach itself from the North as the original States had to detach themselves from Britain), published as "Confederate Centennial Studies, Number Four," by a press in Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

The answer isn't that I am taking a party-line about an American conflict a hundred years old. I might have taken a party-line when I was a small boy. Day after day in a great-uncle's library I lay upon the floor, with my right hand cupping my chin, and read bound volumes of *The Illustrated London News* from the beginning, which included the launch of the *Great Eastern*, and also included pictures of desperate fights between soldiers who looked to me—and indeed were—dressed in Frenchified uniforms—some of them even called themselves the New York Zouaves. I was a child, and knew nothing about political issues. But, instinctively, I was (long after the issue had been decided and the ruin of the South inflicted) on the side of the South, as I was Cavalier against Roundhead. The pictures that I perused over sixty years ago have come back to me with a shock. Mr. Hoole's book (and his grandfather was killed as a Colonel in the Confederate Army) is the history of a travelling War-Correspondent and War-Artist, who, during that dreadful fratricidal war, was the wandering representative of *The Illustrated London News*. And I suppose that the reason

New York City, as he thought against the horrors (and horrors, cf. Dickens's "American Notes," they could occasionally be) of slavery. The North was white and the South was black—I am not talking about the colours of skins. But, after a certain amount of campaigning, and being obstructed by incompetent Northerners, he became utterly exasperated and, after a very difficult cross-country journey, joined the Southern Armies, and was thoroughly surprised. "Your readers must understand," he wrote his editor from Washington, July 4, 1862, that, "I never saw anything of Southern people until I landed at Memphis. . . . I believed from all I heard that the Secession movement was but skin deep after all, and that the people would willingly return their allegiance to the Government of the United States

but the portmanteau got somehow left behind. A few sketches he tried to smuggle out of Northern Virginia, but misfortune followed them also: the blockade-runner was chased down the Potomac by a Federal gunboat and the papers were thrown overboard to prevent possible capture. 'There is no disguising the fact,' Vizetelly meditated, 'that my lines of communication are extremely hazardous.'

After going, with bleeding heart, but active pen and pencil, through years of that ghastly war, and encountering the noblest heroes of the South, from Stonewall Jackson and Beauregard to Lee, Vizetelly was in at the death. "Frank Vizetelly, true reporter that he was, rode with President Davis until 'within forty-eight hours of his capture' on May 10 at Irwinville, only sixty-odd miles short of the Florida border. Somewhere between Sandersville, where the party camped the night of May 5, and Dublin, where Mrs. Davis joined her weary husband on May 9—quite probably at or near Gordon, the junction of the Central of Georgia Rail Road from Macon and Eatonton to Savannah—Vizetelly bade Mr. Davis farewell. Then, quietly and without comment, he placed £50 in a fund to aid the escaping President to safety, and began his long, circuitous trek back to England. He had 'attended the journey of the fallen President . . . a distance of 700 miles [sic], remaining with the party until it was disbanded, by Mr. Davis' request, before his capture.'" According to this book the President of the Confederacy was taken away "in chains." I hope this is not, or was not, true.

Vizetelly was a man who hated conflict and slaughter, but, as descriptive writer, and graphic artist, was irresistibly drawn to any area where



THE BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA: THE CONFEDERATE GENERAL HOOD RECEIVING HIS WOUND—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK VIZETELLY.

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of December 26, 1863.



THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA: GENERAL STUART (CONFEDERATE) WITH HIS CAVALRY SCOUTING IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CULPEPPER—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN AMERICA, FRANK VIZETELLY.

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of October 4, 1862.

for this Englishman's inclusion (an Englishman derived from a Venetian firm of glass-makers who established a line of publishers and book-sellers here) is that, after having gone to the U.S.A. with a prepossession in favour of the North, he found the Northern authorities so very sticky, that he adventurously journeyed to, and joined, the Southern Armies, and remained a passionate propagandist in their favour.

One needs not, after all this time, have opinions favourable to either side, in this most discouraging and disheartening conflict of well-meaning people, to be able to survey it in retrospect and from above. To Vizetelly, off as a war-correspondent and war-artist, it began as a conflict between white and black. He saw the hordes of northern volunteers marching through

if the old flag were carried into their midst. . . . I have been astounded at the unanimity displayed by all on the one subject of separation. . . . In Memphis and its immediate neighbourhood I made it my business to mix with all classes and test their loyalty or disloyalty, and though the stars and stripes floated from the public buildings, and the supremacy of the Federal Government had been asserted by Federal arms, yet I found but one minute drop of

Union oil to pour upon the troubled ocean of Secession; all were clamouring for Secession. . . . Thereafter, and especially after he had seen the devastation caused by Northern armies in the Southern States, woefully outnumbered, out-manufactured and out-supplied, and had even seen the huts of poor Negroes looted by Northern soldiers (the Generals were not to be blamed, as all large armies are bound to contain men who would, had there been no war, have been criminals in civil life), the Correspondent of this journal became a passionate Southerner.

Not all his writings and drawings got through, because there was a blockade. "During the long, hot summer months of 1862, prior to his conversion from 'loyalty' to secession, precious little of Vizetelly's material had reached *The Illustrated London News*. One especially long letter, describing in detail his decision to quit the Army of the Potomac, was regrettably lost. He had entrusted it to a 'gentleman who proposed to run the blockade from Charleston,' he declared,



THE LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT: MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS ESCORT TWO DAYS BEFORE HIS CAPTURE—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK VIZETELLY DRAWN WHILE HE WAS WITH THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOUTHERN ARMY AND SUBSEQUENTLY BROUGHT BACK BY HIM TO HIS COUNTRY.

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of July 22, 1865.

violent conflict was going on. He died, in the end, still reporting, in the Sudan in 1884, with many another war-correspondent. There is a tablet in St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of him and his mates. A better memorial to him would be the publication of this present broadsheet in this country. About this present edition, it is said that "Only four hundred and fifty sale copies of this book have been printed, after which the type was destroyed." The book should certainly be reproduced here: half of it consists of illustrations in *The Illustrated London News*, beautifully wood-cutted from his drawings. All the excitement of my youth has been brought back to me by these reproductions.

As though we hadn't had wars enough since then?

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 318 of this issue.

* "Vizetelly Covers the Confederacy." By W. Stanley Hoole. Illustrated. (Confederate Publishing Company, Inc., Tuscaloosa, Alabama: 450 copies for sale. (Price not stated.)

BRITISH SOLDIERS IN NIZWA: SCENES BEFORE THE WITHDRAWAL.



CROSSING ONE OF THE FEW STREAMS IN THE ARID COUNTRYSIDE NEAR NIZWA. THE ONLY BRITISH CASUALTIES WERE CASES OF HEAT EXHAUSTION.



AT NIZWA: MEN OF THE CAMERONIANS, WITH THE FORT, FORMERLY A REBEL STRONGHOLD, IN THE BACKGROUND.



SHOWING THE DAMAGE CAUSED BY R.A.F. ROCKETS: PART OF THE FORT AT NIZWA, FROM WHICH THE SULTAN'S FLAG FLIES.



AT A TEMPORARY BRITISH CAMP NEAR NIZWA: A SOLDIER BY HIS TENT AMONG THE BUSHES SHORTLY BEFORE THE BRITISH FORCES WITHDREW.



TAKING TIME OFF FOR A REFRESHING SWIM: MEN OF THE CAMERONIANS IN A STREAM NEAR NIZWA.



IN NIZWA, FORMERLY A CENTRE OF REBEL ACTIVITY: BRITISH TROOPS AND NATIVE RESIDENTS MINGLING TOGETHER.

On August 15 Brigadier J. A. R. Robertson, who was in command of the ground forces during the Oman campaign, announced that the operation against the rebel forces had been successful and that on the following day the British troops who had supported the forces of the Sultan would begin to withdraw from Nizwa and from Izz. An airlift of British troops from the oil company airfield at Azaiba, near Muscat, to Bahrein was begun on August 18. The force under Brigadier Robertson's command was composed

of men of The CamerONIANS, the 15th/19th Hussars and supporting arms. The rebel leaders, Ghaleb Bin Ali (the Imam of Oman) and Talib, his brother, were still at large and were thought to have fled into the mountains. British-officered Trucial Oman Scouts and five armoured cars of the 15th/19th Hussars were reported to be staying behind in the wake of the retiring British forces to guard lines of communication, including the oil company road to Fahud, to the south-west of Nizwa, and to support the Sultan's troops.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



WHAT a pity it is that *Lavatera olbia*, the so-called "Tree" Mallow has not managed to be a slightly better plant than it actually is.

LAVATERA OLBIA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

I have never put into practice, nor even seen in any garden, but which I feel very sure would be a practical proposition, with delightful results. Make an isolated bed, set, shall we say, in lawn, and large enough to take anything from four or five up to a dozen or even more plants of *Lavatera*

olbia planted about 4 ft. apart, and with a space of not less than 4 ft. between the outermost *olbias* and the surrounding turf. Having planted the *olbias*, plant,

It is what I would describe as a good, useful honest plant for the mixed flower border, or for massing in isolation. If it were a person instead of a plant, I would be inclined to be slightly cruel and class it as "well meaning." How tall and tree-like it grows in the South of France, its home country, I do not know. But as grown in this country it is certainly no tree. Rather is it a shrub or sub-shrub whose main stem and branches are softly woody, and whose height is 4, 5, or sometimes 6 ft. Its vine-shaped leaves are downy and grey-green in colour, and this silvery greyness makes a perfect setting for the large, pink mallow-like flowers. But it is the tone and quality of that pinkness that lets poor *olbia* down. There is a thinness and coldness about it, and perhaps a slight suspicion of blueness, which combine to rob the plant of greatness. With only a shade of added warmth and depth in its pink, *Lavatera olbia* could at once become a truly first-class plant. Among the many thousands of specimens of the plant that I must have seen, over the years, many of them doubtless raised from seed, I have never seen the slightest variation of colour among the flowers. Always it has been that same slightly disappointing tone of rose-pink. The R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening describes it as "reddish purple," which it most certainly is not. The Dictionary also records the plant as "Naturalised in Britain," and this I can well believe, though I have never had the good fortune to come upon it in that state. If any really extensive naturalised colonies exist, they would be worth searching through for even slight colour variations. Variations, that is, in the right direction.

It occurs to me that something might perhaps be done to improve the colour of *L. olbia*'s flowers by hybridisation. There is, for instance, that other species of *Lavatera*—*L. trimestris*, and its fine garden varieties, "Splendens," "Sunset" and "Loveliness," with their large, shapely blossoms, all of them in far richer, warmer, deeper tones than poor old *olbia*. They are, of course, only annuals, but it should surely be possible to borrow colour from them by using *trimestris* pollen on *olbia* as seed parent, and so retain the bush habit of that species. This cross may, of course, have been tried, without success, but if it has not, the experiment would, I think, be worth trying.

When grown in a mixed flower border *Lavatera olbia* shows to best advantage when associated with the lavender-blues and violets of such plants of the trusty catmint, *Nepeta mussini*, and N. Six Hills Giant, or a sea of ageratum, or of deep violet petunias. In this colour connection I would suggest a plan which I confess



"ITS VINE-SHAPED LEAVES ARE DOWNY AND GREY-GREEN IN COLOUR, AND THIS SILVERY GREYNESS MAKES A PERFECT SETTING FOR THE LARGE, PINK MALLOW-LIKE FLOWERS": *LAVATERA OLBIA* WHICH, MR. ELLIOTT SUGGESTS, COULD BECOME A TRULY FIRST-CLASS PLANT WITH ONLY A SHADE OF ADDED WARMTH AND DEPTH IN ITS PINK FLOWERS. (Photograph by Reginald A. Malby.)

in addition, a number of the large-flowered hybrid clematis, such varieties as "Beauty of Worcester," "Jackmanii," "Lady Northcliffe," "Mrs. Hope" and "Lasurstern." Plant at least one clematis to each *Lavatera*, and choose lavender-blues and violets. These clematis never look so well as when they are allowed to ramble in their own wild way over some living, growing host-shrub or small tree; so figure to yourself a whole bed of the silver-grey *olbias* with their rose-pink flowers, and a constellation of the huge clematis blossoms floating like so many flying saucers above and among this silver and rose support. As these hybrid clematis require severe annual pruning, they will never smother their *olbia* hosts to any great extent, nor interfere with their flowering, and, anyway, the *olbia* bushes would only be of secondary importance as supporting hosts for the clematis. This silver-grey, rose and lavender-blue picture could, and should, be developed and improved by planting the surrounding 4-ft. belt of soil which has been left, with such lavender-blue and rose-pink flowers as *Nepeta*, both *N. mussini* and Six Hills Giant, the ageratums, the light and the dark violet petunias, and so on. But this surrounding belt of supplementary colour would not be absolutely essential, and the isolated mass of *Lavatera* and clematis might well be left as a simple two-plant picture.

I am reminded, by the by, that the *Lavatera olbia* which I have grown in the past, and which is still in general cultivation, does carry a supplementary name—*Rosea*, which seems to suggest that a somewhat pinker variety of the original wild *L. olbia* has at some time been selected and so named. I have never seen what I suppose is the wild type, but, nevertheless, the form *Rosea* is not the pure, warm, rose-pink that we could wish for.

A plant which has greatly impressed me with its charm and brilliance during the last few weeks is *Lychnis flos-jovis*, known also as *Agrostemma flos-jovis*. It has established itself in a mixed flower border near my house, and from where I sit at meals, with the door into the garden open, a fine specimen of this lychnis comes right into the focal centre of the view that I get; at a distance of 40 or 50 yards. There it stands, a bushy, much-branched specimen, 2 ft. high, with stems and leaves silvery-white with silky wool, and studded all over with ruby-red flowers an inch across. I know few red flowers with such a brilliant and luminous quality, and few plants which flower so profusely over a long period. And it seeds about and establishes as a charming colonist, producing plenty of seedlings for giving away to such folk as welcome such delights.

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THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the personalities and events of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL; AND OTHER ITEMS.



WHERE THE DUKE OF CORNWALL WILL GO AS A BOARDER NEXT TERM: CHEAM SCHOOL, NEAR NEWBURY—A VIEW SHOWING THE SWIMMING-POOL.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL AND HIS FATHER'S OLD SCHOOL (WHEN IT WAS SITUATED AT CHEAM, SURREY): CHEAM SCHOOL. It was learnt on August 14 that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had decided to send the Duke of Cornwall as a boarder to his father's old preparatory school, Cheam School, which moved from Surrey in 1934 to its present site in Berkshire.



A NEW ATTRACTION AT LONDON AIRPORT: THE VICKERS SUPERMARINE SEA-PLANE WITH WHICH BRITAIN WON THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY OUTRIGHT. London Airport, as well as being one of the world's greatest airports, is a fascinating place for visitors; and special facilities are provided for those who go there simply to see the great airliners come and go. This famous aircraft has been lent as an additional attraction.



ARCHERY AS A HOLIDAY PASTIME: MEMBERS OF THE GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY SOCIETY TAKING PART IN A CAMPING HOLIDAY NEAR SHAFTESBURY. Some thirty to forty members of the Grand National Archery Society have been spending a holiday in camp and exercising their skill in keeping down such pests as foxes, grey squirrels and rats by shooting them with bow and arrow.



RHODESIA'S FIRST INTERNATIONAL THREE-DAY HORSE SHOW: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE JUMPING AT CHIKURUBI, NEAR SALISBURY. A HIGH STANDARD WAS REACHED. The Rhodesian Horse Society recently staged at Chikurubi, near Salisbury, the first international three-day horse show to be held in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. It attracted entries from South Africa and Portuguese East Africa, and achieved a high standard.



AT THE CHIKURUBI HORSE SHOW: SIR ROBERT TREDGOLD, THE ACTING GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE FEDERATION, PRESENTING THE TEAM AWARD TO MISS G. PEERMAN, OF SOUTH AFRICA.



WITH A BLASTING FORCE GREATER THAN THAT OF ANY NAVAL SHELL AT PRESENT IN USE: SEASLUG, THE NAVY'S GUIDED MISSILE, AND TWO OTHER NEW WEAPONS.

The Royal Navy's ship-to-air guided missile known as *Seaslug* is a medium-range weapon designed to destroy enemy bombers which succeed in evading the fighter defenses of the Fleet, and is said to be effective at any altitude at which modern aircraft are capable of operating. Trial firings have been carried out at sea from H.M.S. *Girdle Ness*, the Navy's guided-weapon trials ship, and the vast majority of these tests have been successful, according to a recent Admiralty announcement. The *Seaslug* is largely automatic in operation and

the launching crew work at positions within the ship and not in exposed places. The position of the target is detected by radar, and details of the target's range, course and speed are obtained by the missile guidance and control system and are used for positioning the missile launcher and for determining when the weapon should be fired. The missile is propelled through the air by a "sustainer" motor and four "boosts," which are jettisoned—as illustrated—once the *Seaslug* is travelling at supersonic speed. The missiles are fired

from a triple-ramp launcher which is automatically fed from a magazine below decks. The first ships in which the *Seaslug* will be fitted are the four guided-weapon destroyers which have already been ordered by the Admiralty and are to be named *Desomshire*, *Hampshire*, *Kent* and *London*. These are to be based on the design of the present "Daring" class ships, but will be larger. Anti-aircraft guided weapons are also to be fitted in a new type of cruiser which is now being designed. The *Seaslug* has been tested not only from *Girdle Ness*,

but also at the proving grounds at Aberporth, in Wales, and at Woomera, Australia. Other new weapons for the Royal Navy are the latest 6- and 3-in. fully automatic gun turrets, which also appear in our illustration. The rate of fire of these is high, the 6-in. turret firing twice as fast as its present counterpart, and the 3-in. turret having a rate of fire comparable to that of a heavy machine-gun. The 6-in. turret is being installed in the three "Tiger" class cruisers, which are not yet completed.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.M.A., with official co-operation.

A CITY OF HOPE DEFERRED: THE DRAB COMMUNIST EAST BERLIN.



ONCE A THRIVING SHOPPING CENTRE IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY: LEIPZIGER STRASSE, IN EAST BERLIN, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.



SHOWPIECE OF COMMUNIST-CONTROLLED EAST BERLIN: THE STALINALLEE SHOWING A SOLITARY CYCLIST ON THE MODERN DUAL CARRIAGEWAY.



MORE OFTEN THAN NOT JUST A TANTALISING TEMPTATION TO THE EAST BERLINER: THE WINDOW OF A DRESS SHOP. SOMETIMES THE CLOTHES ARE "ON SHOW" ONLY.

During the course of twelve long years Berlin has gradually become two distinct cities—not only because of the two opposing civilisations and the territorial barriers which divide East and West but also because of the economic and social growth in the Western Sector and the relative stagnation in the East. The change in West Berlin in the last few years has been remarkable, and the isolated city is sharing the recovery of West Germany from which it is divided by over 100 miles. In West Berlin the rebuilding of the city has been regarded as an architectural challenge and



ONCE THE CENTRE OF GERMAN HAUTE COUTURE AND KNOWN FOR ITS BIG FASHION HOUSES: HAUSVOTTEIPLATZ, WHICH IS NOW IN EAST BERLIN.



BRIGHT WITH LIGHTS BUT SINGULARLY LACKING IN GAIETY: THE STALINALLEE, EAST BERLIN'S MAIN THOROUGHFARE, SEEN AT NIGHT.



TEMPTING BUT FABULOUSLY EXPENSIVE: WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR DISPLAYED IN A LUXURY SHOP IN EAST BERLIN.

years of planning and intensive labour preceded the opening of West Berlin's International Building Exhibition on July 6. This Exhibition, known as Interbau, is not only intended to inspire the future planning of a reunited city but itself comprises a major part of the rebuilding of Berlin. After being in West Berlin a visitor's first impressions of East Berlin are of comparative poverty, although food, clothing, educational and vocational opportunities and even the new houses are generally better than elsewhere behind the Iron Curtain. Yet the contrast in the two cities is striking. In West Berlin

A FLOURISHING CITY DESPITE ITS ISOLATION: WEST BERLIN.



A STRIKING NEW QUARTER OF WEST BERLIN: THE HANSAVIERTEL, WHICH IS THE CENTRAL FEATURE OF THE CURRENT INTERNATIONAL BUILDING EXHIBITION.



ABLAZE WITH LIGHTS AND HUMMING WITH TRAFFIC: KURFURSTENDAMM—WEST BERLIN'S MAIN STREET—PHOTOGRAPHED AT NIGHT.



WELL WITHIN THE REACH OF THE WORKING WOMAN: DRESSES IN A WEST BERLIN SHOP WINDOW, WHERE PRICES START AT UNDER £2.

the well-stocked shops, the busy traffic, the gay night life, the cultural pursuits and the rising new buildings all tend to emphasize the comparative stagnation of East Berlin. A skilled industrial worker in East Berlin gets much the same wages as his colleague in the West, but the purchasing power of his pay packet is not the same and the goods available in his shops are much inferior to those in West Berlin. If an East Berliner goes to West Berlin to shop he risks arrest and the confiscation of his purchases by the East Berlin police and he also has to pay five East German marks for every West



WHERE TRAFFIC IS LIVELY AND BUSINESS IS BRISK: SCHLOSS-STRASSE WHICH IS TYPICAL OF THE BUSY SHOPPING STREETS IN WEST BERLIN.



REMINISCENT OF ANY BIG CITY IN THE WESTERN WORLD: THE NOONDAY STREAM OF TRAFFIC IN WEST BERLIN'S KURFURSTENDAMM.



BETTER MADE AND FAR CHEAPER THAN THOSE ON SALE IN EAST BERLIN: WOMEN'S CLOTHING IN A WEST BERLIN SHOP WINDOW.

German mark he buys on the West Berlin exchange. Yet, despite the risks and the very unfavourable exchange rate, large numbers of East Berliners do shop in the West. Refugees from the East continue to settle in the Western sectors and last year 156,000 East Germans came to West Berlin as refugees, about 3000 more than in 1955, and 46,000 remained in the West zone of the city. The present population of West Berlin is over 2,300,000, and that of East Berlin about 1,000,000 less. Scenes from both sides of the divided city can be seen in the photographs on these pages.



THE third volume,* no less sumptuously produced than the previous two, of "English and Scottish Silver Spoons," by the late Commander G. E. P. How and Mrs. How, puts on record the labours of about a quarter of a century in a field which some may find so limited that they will wonder why such pains have been lavished upon it. The period dealt with is from the Mediæval to late Stuart, and the variation in form as each decade passes is, to the careless eye, so insignificant as to be of little account. Nevertheless, the forms do change to a perceptible degree and, with a little attention, you soon find yourself able to make a reasonable guess as to date from shape and balance alone—and that, to many of us, is probably as far as we shall want to go. But the authors, though their researches are ostensibly concerned with spoons alone, do, in fact, by the nature of their subject, lead us on to a discussion of early marks in general. Here they have some uncommonly interesting things to say, supported by extremely good photographs.

Photographs of marks on silver are notoriously difficult to reproduce satisfactorily, and earlier reference books rely upon drawings, which, with the best will in the world, are sometimes inaccurate. Here the photographs are clear, and enlarged drawings are shown opposite, so that one can follow, for example, the slight changes in the London assay-mark of the Leopard's Head between, say, 1462 and 1477 and other years. Then, as the evidence accumulates, an attempt is made, though by no means dogmatically, to suggest a chronological sequence for these differences, the so-called "Grecian" type of leopard being assigned to the twelfth to thirteenth century, the "Indian" to the mid-fourteenth, and so on. It is all decidedly speculative, no doubt, up to this point. They seem to me to be on surer ground after 1478, when the Leopard became crowned.

It is not possible to summarise in a brief notice the results of so meticulous a study; one can note merely that the evidence is carefully built up by comparing date letters and leopards' heads from actual examples, so that, where the date letter is missing, as is so often the case, reference to the type of leopard provides a clue as to date. This naturally takes us a long way beyond spoons and provides a yardstick for dating all other types of surviving silver. A similar study of makers' marks by means of photographs is part of the book, and the way in which this can assist

in solving a hitherto debatable problem is illustrated by the beautiful cup, known as The Richmond Cup, belonging to the Armourers and Brasiers Company (Fig. 2). Anyone would automatically, judging by style alone, place this very early indeed, say, 150 years at least before John Richmond and his wife presented it to the Company on July 6, 1557. Hitherto it has been assumed that the donors had an inscription placed on an old cup. But it bears a small mark, which, when making drawings of makers' marks, the authors found on three other cups, two of 1552, the third of 1555, of the normal mid-sixteenth-century type. Consequently it is now

In addition to this, the addendum to the volume includes some rare spoons from various sources which will be new to most readers. There is a great silver gilt spoon, London, 1692, from St. Dunstan's, Stepney (12.2 ins. in length, the stem inscribed with the names of eight churchwardens), and a spoon with a lion sejant finial, ascribed to the late fourteenth century and apparently the earliest example of a lion sejant yet recorded. There is also illustrated one of the set of twelve lion sejant spoons of the year 1569 which appeared at Christie's in 1954 (now in the Sanders Collection), and the unique spoon of 1494 (Figs. 1 and 3) with the Gothic letters B and W on the front and back of the finial—presumably made for someone with those initials. This last is illustrated with a useful warning note about corrosion and sulphurisation—how to deal with them—the latter caustic soda, but beware.

The section on Provincial and unascribed marks is interesting, largely because so little is known about them at this date, and the majority for the present have to be labelled either a town or a maker's mark. The authors' opinion is that "in spite of all regulations to the contrary, prior to 1478 London makers do not seem, as a general rule, to have placed their mark upon wares, even when these bear the official London mark," and that it can be assumed "that a single mark, other than the London Leopard's Head, on a piece of silver of this early date is more likely to be a Provincial Town Mark than a Maker's Mark." What seems certain is that whereas London introduced the separate annual date letter in 1478, the majority of provincial cities did not. In this section again, both photographs and drawings and the explanatory notes leave nothing to be desired, and the hope is expressed that further evidence will be unearthed in time.

The enthusiasm and labour which have gone to the making of this imposing three-volume compilation is formidable and there is no question as to its value as a work of reference. The only danger for the amateur is that he will become so immersed in the minutiae of niggling little marks, that, unless he is sufficiently strong-minded, he will forget that he is dealing with objects of uncommon aesthetic interest, and will begin to attach more value to a well-defined punch than to a work of art, thus ending

up as a learned but complete barbarian. As to future research, it is pointed out that, "as a general rule, the parish registers provide the best source of information, particularly the registers of deaths where the man's profession may be given. Also the churchwardens' accounts should be carefully studied for references to the ordering and repairing of the Church plate, as not infrequently the name of the goldsmith to whom the order was given is recorded. There is always the chance of finding the name of a hitherto unknown workman with the possibility that the piece of plate he made is still in use in the Church; if that is the case one more mark can definitely be attributed and one more piece can cease to be classified as Provincial unascribed."

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

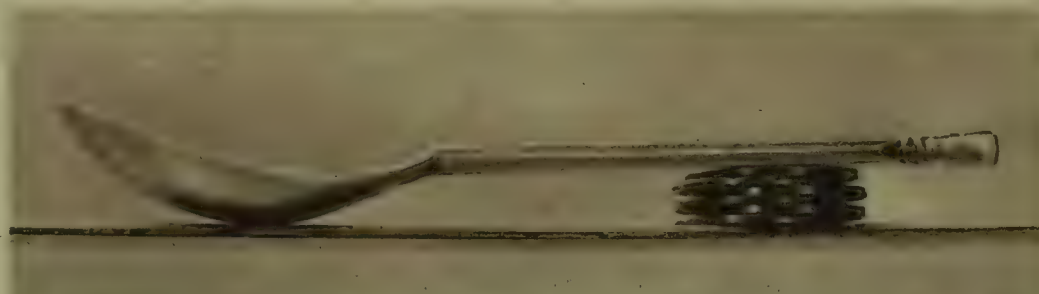
EARLY SILVER SPOONS AND MARKS.



(Fig. 1.) A SPOON MADE IN LONDON IN 1494 WITH A UNIQUE LETTER FINIAL—A GOTHIC "B" ON THE FRONT AND "W" ON THE BACK: SEEN HERE AFTER CLEANING. (Length, 6½ ins.) (Cookson Collection.)



(Fig. 2.) BEARING A MAKER'S MARK OF A TOTALLY DIFFERENT PERIOD TO ITS STYLE: THE RICHMOND CUP, PRESENTED TO THE ARMOURERS AND BRASIER'S COMPANY IN 1557; A BEAUTIFUL CUP WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF MUCH DEBATE, DISCUSSED BY FRANK DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE.



(Fig. 3.) ILLUSTRATING "A USEFUL WARNING NOTE ABOUT CORROSION AND SULPHURISATION": THE UNIQUE LETTER FINIAL SPOON OF FIG. 1—A SIDE VIEW. THESE ILLUSTRATIONS ARE FROM "SILVER SPOONS AND PRE-ELIZABETHAN HALL-MARKS ON ENGLISH PLATE"—VOLUME III, BY THE LATE COMMANDER G. E. P. HOW, R.N., AND MRS. HOW, WHICH IS REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS.

considered that John Richmond was not much in love with the new-fangled style, but had his gift made in the older fashion. Thus runs the argument. I now heave a brick into the middle of it. Richmond has an old cup, goes to his silversmith and orders a suitable inscription; the silversmith engraves the inscription, puts his mark on the foot, and hands it back. Why not? Surely this is a simpler explanation, and a more likely one, for, on the whole, our Tudor ancestors had no great respect for the past. I find it difficult to convince myself that a mid-sixteenth-century silversmith or his customer would want to make a copy of an out-of-date piece, so I shall require more proof than a mark before I can accept this marvellous cup as made in the 1550's.

* "English and Scottish Silver Spoons—Mediæval to Late Stuart—and Pre-Elizabethan Hall-Marks on English Plate"—the third and final volume. By the late Commander George Evelyn Paget How, R.N. (Ret.), F.S.A. (Scot.), in collaboration with Jane Penrice How. With numerous illustrations of marks and objects. (London, Privately Printed: Set of three volumes, 60 gns.—de luxe edition, 150 gns.)

CHARMING CHILD PORTRAITS: IN AN EDINBURGH EXHIBITION.



"JAMES FAED": A PORTRAIT OF HIS NEPHEW, BY JOHN FAED (1819-1902), IN THE EDINBURGH EXHIBITION "CHILDREN IN THREE CENTURIES" IN AID OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES. (Oil on board; 11 by 8½ ins.) (Lent by the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.)



"FRANCIS CHARTERIS, DE JURE 5TH EARL OF WEMYSS": PAINTED IN 1734 BY JOHN ALEXANDER (D. 1760). (Oil on canvas; 52½ by 39½ ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Wemyss.)



"THOMAS HENRY GRAHAM," BY JEAN LAURENT MOSNIER (1746-c. 1795), A FRENCH ARTIST WHO CAME TO ENGLAND AFTER THE REVOLUTION. (Oil on canvas; 44 by 34 ins.) (Lent by Mrs. H. K. Purvis-Russell-Montgomery.)



"THE 5TH DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND LORD JOHN SCOTT": SHOWN AS ETON BOYS WEARING THE "MONTEM" DRESS, IN A PAINTING BY WILLIAM INGALTON (1794-1866), DATED 1822. (Oil on panel; 24½ by 18½ ins.) (Lent by the Duke of Buccleuch.)



"GEORGE HENRY, LORD SCOTT, WITH KELLACH": A DELIGHTFUL PORTRAIT OF THE 4TH DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S ELDEST SON WITH A FAVOURITE DOG PAINTED IN c. 1799 BY HENRI PIERRE DANLOUX (1753-1809). (Oil on canvas; 22½ by 31½ ins.) (Lent by the Duke of Buccleuch.)



"MISS MARY CONSTANCE WYNDHAM"; A PORTRAIT BY VALENTINE PRINSEP, R.A. (1838-1904). (Oil on canvas; 65½ by 30½ ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Wemyss.)



"CHARLES, MARQUESS OF TWEEDDALE, AND LORD JOHN HAY": A ROMANTIC PORTRAIT BY GERARD SOEST (D. 1681). (Oil on canvas; 50 by 40 ins.) (Lent by Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, Bart.)



"HELEN MURRAY": PAINTED BY AN UNKNOWN SCOTTISH ARTIST IN c. 1752-55. THIS EXHIBITION CONTINUES UNTIL SEPTEMBER 7. (Oil on canvas; 50 by 40 ins.) (Lent by A. H. Murray, Esq., of Dollerie.)



"JOHN, 10TH EARL OF LINDSAY," AN EARLY WORK BY WILLIAM DYCE, R.A. (1806-64). (Oil on canvas; 36 by 28 ins.) (Lent by the Earl of Lindsay.)

An important feature of the exhibition "Children in Three Centuries," which is being held in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes at Adam House, Chamber Street, Edinburgh, until September 7, is the group of some forty portraits. These range in period from Hans Eworth's double portrait (dated 1562) of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and his brother, Charles Stuart, which has been lent by H.M. the Queen, to a page of sketches of young street arabs by Phil May

(1864-1903). With the interesting portraits are shown a great variety of objects illustrating many aspects of childhood over these centuries. Among them are such exhibits as the oak cradle and high-chair of James I and VI, and Sir Walter Scott's rocking-horse and infant feeding-cup. There is also an extensive and varied collection of toys. It is hoped that the exhibition will help to focus public interest on the work of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE raven is the largest of our species of the crow family, and this family, taken as a whole, is regarded by many ornithologists as probably the most advanced mentally of all birds. If play is to be seen in birds we could expect to find it here. It is well known that ravens will "play" with sticks. That is, one of a pair will pick up a fair-sized twig in its beak, then wait for the other to sidle up and try to grab it. When the second raven seizes the twig in its beak the first does not necessarily release it and a tug-of-war will ensue. This playing with a stick may be of short duration, after which one or both birds appear to lose interest, or it may go on for long spells on end. In the course of one of these longer spells, we may see the first raven hold the twig towards the second. Then, when its companion comes up to take the twig and is just about to take hold, the first raven jerks it away. This is one of the many simple variations to be noted.

Ravens will, however, give sticks or stones to each other, and even pass them from beak to beak. They will also feed each other, but this is quite different, for it is done gently, while the giving of sticks or stones is very much a matter of pounce and grab, resembling very closely the kind of teasing behaviour seen in children, or even in adult humans in certain moods, and which we then call "play." With ravens and other of our lesser brethren, it seems, we have to use a different logic. We must argue like this: they build nests; they build the nests of sticks; to build the nests they must manipulate the sticks, even test them and weigh them in the beaks; therefore, if ravens manipulate sticks in the beak in a random and seemingly purposeless fashion, what we are seeing are the primordia of a nesting activity. Or, to put it another way, we are seeing the nesting instinct operating at a low intensity. This may, indeed, be the correct interpretation, but a hypothesis is not necessarily a truth, but something to be tested in our search for truth.

Ravens are conspicuous birds, keeping for most of their time well up in the trees. It is not difficult, in districts where they are relatively common, to pry on them and see them "playing" with sticks. On the other hand, ravens, like so much of our wild fauna, are wary of the human intruder, and in view of the treatment sometimes meted out to them, they have every reason to be so. It is therefore less easy to pry into what they do on the ground, because at the approach of the human observer they tend to fly away. Should such an opportunity occur, however, we might see them indulge in this same sequence of actions, but using pebbles instead, passing them from beak to beak, and generally in a manner very highly suggestive of play. Certainly tame—and unafraid—ravens will do this, and it surely requires a wide stretch of the scientific imagination to suggest that in this way they are reacting to a nesting, or any other functional instinct at a low intensity. Even so, we cannot be absolutely

A RAVEN ENJOYS LIFE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

sure that the substitution of the pebble for the twig is not more than a simple sublimation, or that it may not be a modified form of the "kissing" displays in which ravens often indulge.

So we can pass to an observation, which I would regard as significant. I cannot claim the credit for this, since my attention was drawn to it. The raven in question is not a wild bird, yet

beak, but in doing this the pebble fell to the ground. The raven struggled to its feet, and tried to stand on the pebble, finding some difficulty in arranging both feet on so small an object while at the same time keeping its balance. In due course, it managed this gymnastic feat, grasped the pebble, dropped slowly on to its side and thence on to its back once more, and again tried to take the pebble in its beak. It repeated this several times.

If one is taking an unusual line, it is even more necessary to be sure of one's evidence, so I looked for further tricks of behaviour in this raven. Another trick was particularly striking. It was that, in bathing, the bird would also, from time to time, fall slowly on to its side and thence on to its back, literally wallowing in the water. I have watched many different kinds of birds bathing and have found that the method used does not differ markedly from one species to another. Admittedly, I have not watched another raven bathing, so cannot tell if turning on the back in the bath is general among these large birds. Because bathing is such a stereotyped action in all the others I have watched, I would doubt this. At all events, this raven did the same thing when its owner sprayed it with a fine spray of water, fluffing its feathers out at the same time as it turned on to its back.

We may offer several explanations of this limited range of observations. One would be to suppose that this lying on the back, when bathing or at other times, is an individual idiosyncrasy. In that event, it is probably non-functional and possibly used to express the emotion of enjoyment, which would justify its being classified as an artistic display. On the other hand, we could regard the method of bathing as normal for the species, in which case we might argue that the lying on the back on dry land and pecking a pebble held in the feet is a displacement activity resulting from a conflict between the impulse to bathe and the impulse to indulge in nest-building, both operating at a low intensity. The third interpretation could be that the performance was, in fact, purely and simply play, and this seems not only the more satisfactory, but the more straightforward explanation.

Much of this discussion may be trivial; yet it is not without significance. The basis of behaviour, whether our own or that of the birds and beasts of the field, can be—and

usually is—reduced to arid analytical terms. There are moments, nevertheless, when the eye takes in more than the tongue can describe, when the intuitive word expresses more than a laboured logic. In this instance, the raven gave the impression of enjoying its antics, and one was left with the feeling that enjoyment can be a quality of living matter equally with functional or utilitarian motivation. And the expression of that enjoyment is one of the things we mean when we speak of play.



SEEN IN A CLOSE-UP VIEW: A PAIR OF RAVENS GIVING A "KISSING DISPLAY." THE HEN BIRD IS ON THE LEFT AND THE COCK ON THE RIGHT.



A PAIR OF RAVENS INDULGING IN PLAY WITH THE BEAKS WHICH HAS BEEN CALLED "KISSING." Ravens will indulge in play with the beaks and they will also pass a twig from one to the other, or a pebble which goes from beak to beak and back again. It is possible to suggest that in such actions we are seeing a modified version of the nesting instinct, or the "kissing." There are other nearly related actions, however, which appear to come nearer to pure play or fun. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

not fully tame, and although it is kept in an aviary it is a large one giving it a fair measure of freedom. I would stress this, since the argument is often put forward that the things done by captive animals are apt to give a false perspective. It is, however, difficult to believe that captivity did more than accentuate this one. When we first saw this raven it was lying on its back with its feet in the air, with a pebble clasped in the toes of both feet. Holding the pebble aloft, it strained its head up and tried to take the pebble in its

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE END OF THE COVENT GARDEN STRIKE: MR. FRANK COUSINS.
On the terms agreed between Mr. Cousins, the General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, and the employers, the Covent Garden strikers decided to return to work at a meeting in London on August 14. The votes were 509 to 432, and after the meeting some strikers outspokenly criticised Mr. Cousins.



THE NEW PAY AND PRICES COUNCIL: LORD COHEN (RIGHT), SIR DENNIS ROBERTSON (CENTRE) AND SIR HAROLD HOWITT.
The three members of the new independent Council on Prices, Productivity and Incomes were named in an announcement issued from No. 10, Downing Street, on August 12. The Chairman of the Council is Lord Cohen, who is Lord of Appeal in Ordinary; Sir Dennis Robertson, lately Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, and Sir Harold Howitt, who is a chartered accountant and was a member of the recent Courts of Inquiry into the engineering and shipbuilding disputes. The Council's reports are to be addressed to the general public.



THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE B.I.A.: MR. CHARLES F. TRUSTAM.
Mr. Charles F. Trustam has been elected Chairman of the British Insurance Association. Mr. Trustam is General Manager of the Royal Insurance Company and The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, and a past-President of the Chartered Insurance Institute. He was elected at the A.G.M. on June 28.



AT A TATE GALLERY EXHIBITION TO TOUR CANADA: MR. PIERCE (L.), MR. FELL AND MR. BICKERSTETH (R.).
Mr. Sydney Pierce, Acting High Commissioner for Canada, Mr. C. P. Fell, Chairman of the National Gallery of Canada, and Mr. J. B. Bickersteth, formerly Warden of Hart House, University of Toronto, were present at the private view of the Exhibition of British masterpieces of the eighteenth century which is at the Tate Gallery until August 25 and is afterwards to tour Canada.



A FORMER LORD CHANCELLOR AND A BRILLIANT ADVOCATE: THE LATE EARL JOWITT.
Earl Jowitt, who was Lord Chancellor in the Socialist Government from 1945 to 1951, died at the age of seventy-two on August 16. He took silk in 1922 and was a brilliant lawyer. He was made an Earl in 1951, and was Opposition leader in the Lords from 1952 to 1955.



SUCCESSFUL IN THE BRITISH GUIANA ELECTION: DR. JAGAN, SEEN WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN.
Dr. Jagan's People's Progressive Party won nine out of the fourteen seats in the Legislative Council in the recent general election in British Guiana. Dr. Jagan was then invited by the Governor to discuss the formation of a Government. An Executive Council was to be formed, which would include members of Dr. Jagan's party. Under the constitution, the Governor will still be head of the Government.



NOMINATED NEW PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND: MR. K. J. HOLYOAKE.
Mr. K. J. Holyoake was nominated as successor to the Prime Ministership of New Zealand by Mr. Holland, who is retiring, at a special National Party meeting on August 13. At the meeting, Mr. Holyoake was unanimously elected as the new leader of the Party. He is Deputy Prime Minister, and has been Minister of Agriculture since 1949.

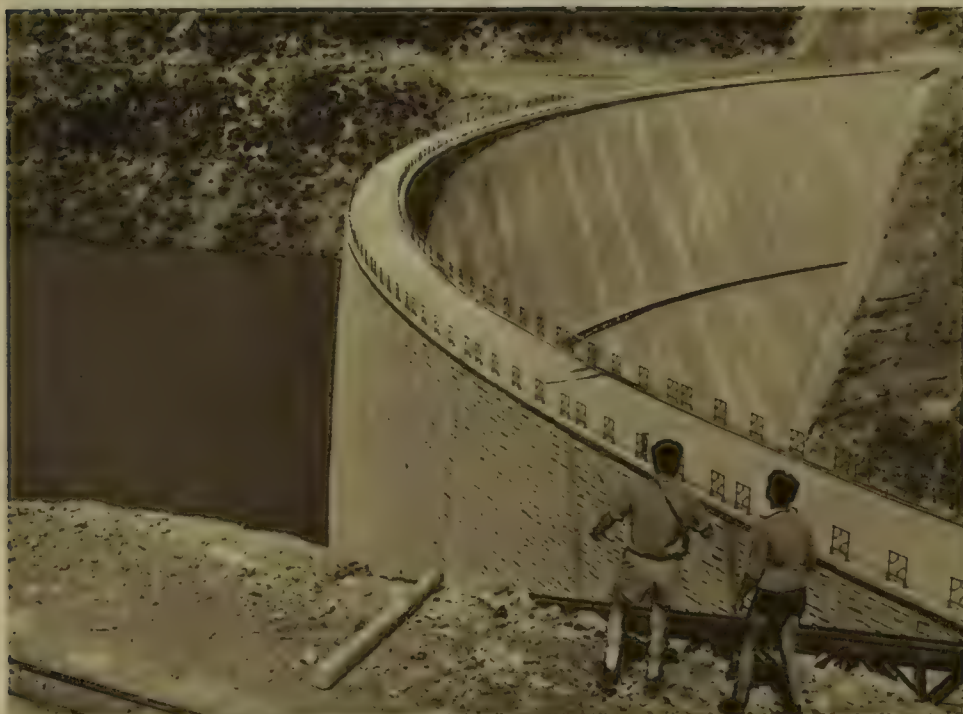


COUNTY CHAMPIONS FOR THE 6TH SUCCESSIVE YEAR: THE SURREY COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.
On August 16 Surrey beat Somerset at Weston-super-Mare by three wickets and won the County Cricket Championship for the sixth consecutive year. Their victory over Somerset brought them the title a day inside Warwickshire's success in 1951, which was hitherto the quickest since the war. Surrey won the first five championships under the captaincy of W. S. Surridge; this season the responsibility fell to P. B. H. May and A. V. Bedser, who deputised for him during the Test matches. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) back row: H. Strudwick (scorer), B. Constable, K. Barrington, G. A. R. Lock, T. H. Clark, P. J. Loader, M. J. Stewart and J. Tait. Front row: E. A. Bedser, A. J. McIntyre, A. V. Bedser (vice-captain), P. B. H. May (captain), J. C. Laker and D. G. W. Fletcher.



A CHANGE IN TITLE: THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO BECOMES A KING.
The Sultan of Morocco has decided to change his title to King, it was announced by Palace officials in Morocco on August 14. In future he will be addressed as "his Majesty Mohammed V, King of Morocco," and the country in consequence will become the Kingdom of Morocco instead of the Sherifian Empire. The Sultan first came to the throne in 1927.

A NORTH ITALIAN DAM; I.R.A. OUTRAGES; AND AIR CRASHES IN ENGLAND.



NOW NEARING COMPLETION AND CLAIMED AS EUROPE'S LARGEST: THE ALTA VALTELLINA DAM, IN NORTHERN ITALY, TO THE NORTH-EAST OF THE LAKE OF COMO. The Valtellina lies near Sondrio, in the Alps of Bergamo in North Italy, and the huge dam, which has been under construction there for the last five years, is expected to be finished by the end of 1958. It will supply about a quarter of Milan's needs of electricity.



WHERE THE WATERS HELD UP BY THE ALTA VALTELLINA DAM WILL EVENTUALLY REACH THE LEVEL OF THE ARROWED ROAD.



THE SHELL OF THE G.P.O. GARAGE AT NEWRY, NORTHERN IRELAND, WHICH WAS FIRED AT THE SAME TIME AS AN I.R.A. BOMB OUTRAGE IN NEAR-BY OFFICES.



SEARCHING THE WRECKAGE OF A FARM IN TYRONE, WHERE A BOOBY-TRAP EXPLOSION KILLED AN ULSTER POLICE SERGEANT AND INJURED FOUR OTHERS. We show here two of the recent wave of I.R.A. outrages in Northern Ireland. On August 11 Electricity Board offices in Newry were blown up and a G.P.O. garage burnt out. There were no casualties. On August 17 at Brackaville, a police and military patrol were the victims of a booby-trap explosion in a disused farmhouse and a police sergeant was killed.



THE WRECKAGE OF AN R.A.F. ANSON WHICH CRASHED AT TITSEY HILL, NEAR CROYDON, WHEN ON A FLIGHT FROM PLYMOUTH TO BIGGIN HILL. THE PILOT AND NAVIGATOR WERE KILLED AND TWO OTHERS INJURED.



A BRISTOL FREIGHTER AIRCRAFT WHICH CAME TO REST A FEW FEET FROM THE ELECTRIFIED RAILWAY LINE, AFTER SKIDDING ON THE RUNWAY AT SOUTHEND. THERE WERE NO INJURIES TO THE CREW OR PASSENGERS.



IS THIS A RECORD FOR THE HIGH JUMP? A PLAYFUL DOLPHIN AT MARINELAND AQUARIUM, CALIFORNIA, CLEARING A BAR 8 FT. ABOVE THE WATER, TO THE DELIGHT OF A CROWD OF SPECTATORS.

The common dolphin is a playful creature, and the specimens at Marineland marine aquarium, California, with a certain amount of encouragement from the keepers, are earning quite a reputation for their amusing and clever antics. Even in their natural state, however, dolphins frequently indulge in various playful habits, either alone or in groups. From time to time a number of them will suddenly decide to have a break for games and will start leaping about and splashing in a most human way. One of their tricks is swimming

vigorously along in formation, a number of them moving swiftly on the surface in line abreast. Another trick is to swim along slapping the surface of the water with the tail. Other habits, also apparently of a purely playful nature, are floating on the back and resting in a vertical position, with either head or tail projecting from the water, for considerable periods. Marineland is described as the world's largest aquarium. Plate-glass windows enable spectators to watch the underwater activities in the huge tanks of the aquarium.

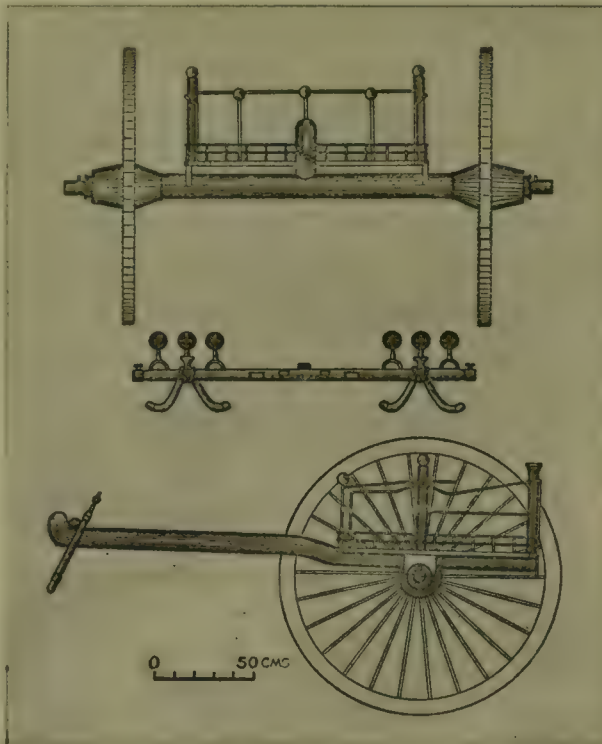
RECENT DISCOVERIES IN CHINESE ARCHÆOLOGY: II—FINDS OF THE WARRING STATES PERIOD NEAR HUI HSIEN, IN HONAN PROVINCE.

By WILLIAM WATSON, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities of the British Museum.

SOME of the remarkable successes of Chinese archaeology since 1950 are illustrated in a series of photographs recently sent to this country for exhibition. The photographs are entrusted by the Chinese People's Association for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries to the Britain-China Friendship Association, to which body the author is indebted for the loan of those reproduced here. It is hoped to exhibit the photographs publicly early next year. An article in the last issue of *The Illustrated London News* (August 17, pages 261-263) described excavations in the vicinity of the Shang dynasty capital near Anyang, in Honan Province, in which a royal tomb and a chariot grave of the twelfth to eleventh centuries B.C. were investigated.

The present selection of pictures shows finds made near the town of Hui Hsien, situated farther south in the same province, on the plain some thirty miles north of the Yellow River. Here also minor tombs and a habitation site of Shang date were discovered, but the more spectacular finds relate to the fourth and earlier third century B.C., the age of the so-called Warring States, when this territory formed part of the State of Wei. Near Ku Wei Ts'un, about four miles from Hui Hsien, a mound about 9 ft. 6 ins. high at the centre, and of an average diameter of 153 yards, covered three tomb chambers built of stout timbers. All three were upward of 22 yards square and their floors lay at a depth of 18½ to 19½ yards below ground-level. But neither their depth, nor the stone revetment of the mound,

of a building is the earliest representation of architecture yet discovered in China. We can only guess at the nature of the horned



(Fig. 1.) AN ATTEMPTED RECONSTRUCTION OF ONE OF THE CHARIOTS IN THE EXCAVATION AT LIU LI KO (SEE FIG. 7): THE YOKE BEAM IS IN THE CENTRE, AND THE YOKE ARE TIPPED WITH BRONZE AND SURMOUNTED BY BRONZE JINGLES.

objects on the roof-ridge (trophies at a hunting lodge?) and the vase-like shapes beneath.

As a feat of excavation nothing achieved at Hui Hsien surpasses the work performed on a burial of chariots under the direction of Mr. Hsia Nai, Deputy Director of the Institute of Archaeology. This pit, which contained no human remains, is situated outside the village of Liu Li Ko, two-thirds of a mile from Hui Hsien, and must



(Fig. 2.) "THE EARLIEST REPRESENTATION OF ARCHITECTURE YET DISCOVERED IN CHINA": THE FRONT ELEVATION OF A BUILDING IN THE DECORATION OF A THIN COPPER BASIN FOUND IN THE SAME TOMB NEAR CHAO KU CHEN AS FIGS. 8 AND 9.

preserved them from plundering. Only minor bronze ornaments and fragments of the lacquer-painted wooden coffins remained. But in a small "sacrifice-pit" under the stone revetment, at the side of the mound, was unearthed one of the most beautiful jade ornaments ever recovered from the soil, the seven-piece pendant illustrated in Fig. 6. With this ornament were a mass of undecorated rings and oblong plaques of jade, and a number of glass beads. From a smaller tomb near by came the magnificent belt-hook of Fig. 5.

A tomb near Chao Ku Chen, a town some 18½ miles from Hui Hsien, contained the bronze vessels of our Figs. 8 and 9, and the crushed fragments of a thin copper basin decorated on its inner surface with figures engraved in lines so fine as to be hardly visible to the naked eye. Not all the scenes from this are intelligible, but a reconstruction drawing of them has been made, from which Fig. 2 is taken. This front elevation

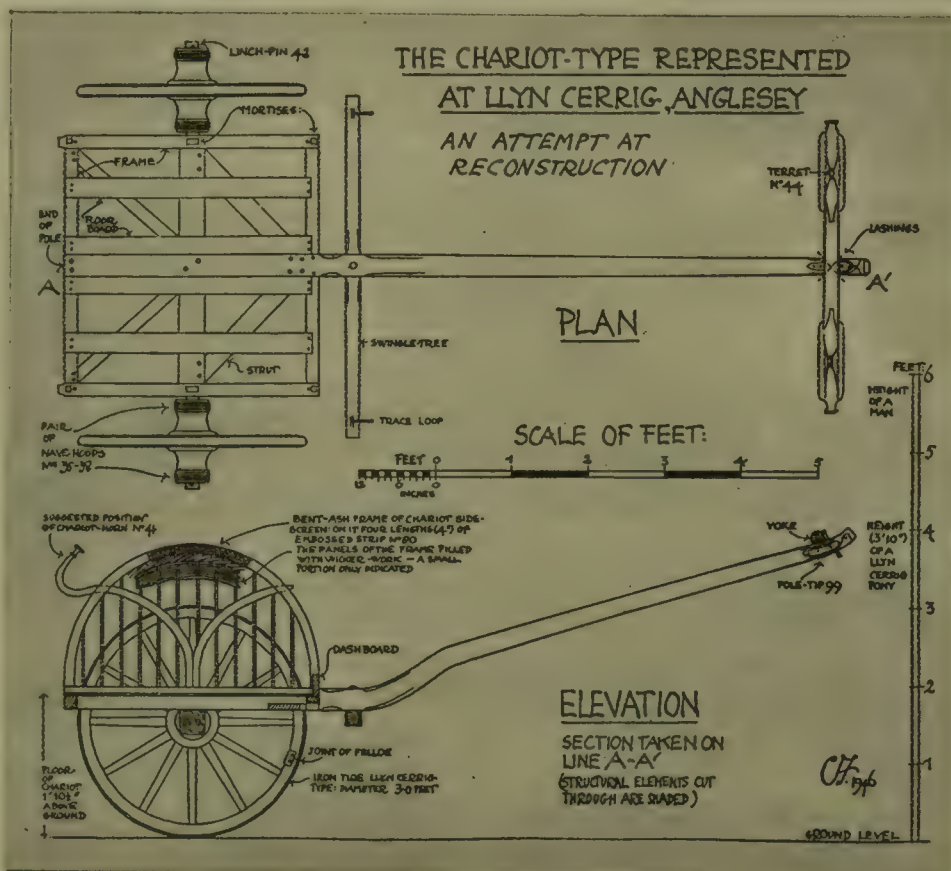
relate to one of the tombs of like date in the vicinity, though it remains uncertain which this may be. It measures some 23 yards in length, just under 26 ft. in width, and is about 14 ft. 9 ins. deep. In this narrow space were laid two rows of chariots (Fig. 7), nineteen in all, the shaft of each resting on the one in front. The skeletons of the horses lay at one end of the pit beyond a low earth wall. The timbers of the chariots had entirely decayed, leaving in their place a compacted earth distinct from the surrounding soil, and thus enabling the excavators to lay bare "ghosts" which were fairly accurate models of the original structures. (A similar phenomenon was exploited with brilliant success in the excavation of the Sutton Hoo ship in 1939.) Only one of the chariots—that deemed by the excavators to have headed the procession to the grave—was furnished with the customary bronze mounts. These are incorporated in Fig. 1, the reconstruction of which appears in the Hui Hsien excavation report. Among them only the band binding the hub serves to reinforce the structure. The felloes and the members of the frame must have been mortised and pegged with wood. The wheels in the model chosen for the reconstruction have the twenty-six spokes in the same plane as the felloe, but other wheels are a little conical in profile, the hub being set inwards as compared with the felloe (in accordance, it may be said, with the norms for wheel-making prescribed in the Han compendium of ritual, the Chou Li). One pair of such "dished" wheels even has two struts crossing from edge to edge in the plane of the rim, in disregard of the hub. On the yoke beam of the first chariot stood six jingles of a shape familiar to us from other finds, though not one hitherto ascribed to this function.

This form of chariot is clearly descended from the one used in China six centuries earlier, as seen in the chariot grave of Shang date



(Fig. 3.) FROM A WALL BAS-RELIEF IN A SECOND-CENTURY A.D. TOMB AT I NAN, SHANTUNG: A HAN DYNASTY CARRIAGE, SHOWING THE IMPROVED HARNESS DEVELOPED DURING THE HAN PERIOD.

illustrated in the last issue of this journal. It is closely akin in build and method of harnessing to an ancient British chariot, if one accepts Sir Cyril Fox's reconstruction around the relics found at Llyn Cerrig Bach, in Anglesey (Fig. 4). Unfortunately none of the remains we have mentioned gives a sure indication of the precise manner in which the horses pulled the chariot, for the presence of the yokes merely shows how the vertical position of the shaft was maintained. In the ancient world of the Near East and the Mediterranean a broad band was passed round the neck of each horse and attached to the shaft at some convenient point. As the horses pulled they tended to choke themselves, so that it is not surprising that four of them were required to move a comparatively light chariot at speed. Lefebure des Noettes, who first pointed this out (in his book "L'Attelage et le Cheval de Selle," published in 1931), also observed that Chinese carriages of the Han period (206 B.C.—A.D. 220), as depicted in innumerable tomb reliefs



(Fig. 4.) CLOSELY RESEMBLING THE FORM OF THE CHINESE CHARIOTS FOUND AT LIU LI KO: AN ATTEMPTED RECONSTRUCTION BY SIR CYRIL FOX OF AN ANCIENT BRITISH CHARIOT—A FIND OF THE EARLY IRON AGE AT LLYN CERRIG BACH, ANGLESEY. (Reproduced by courtesy of the National Museum of Wales, Cardiff.)

[Continued opposite.]

A SUPERB JADE ORNAMENT, AND OTHER RECENT FINDS IN CHINA.



(Fig. 5.) FOUND IN A SMALL TOMB NEAR KU WEI TS'UN, IN HONAN PROVINCE: A MAGNIFICENT BELT-HOOK OF c. 300 B.C. (Length, 7½ ins.)
The substance of this piece is silver overlaid with gold. Three penannular rings of jade are fitted on the back, two of them retaining their inlay of glass bosses resembling the "eye-beads" of glass which were becoming current at this period. Dragon masks appear at either end, and their intertwined bodies writhe around the jade. The treatment of the metal surface suggests the wood-carving style seen in many bronzes of the animal art of the steppes.



(Fig. 6.) "ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL JADE ORNAMENTS EVER RECOVERED FROM THE SOIL": A JADE PENDANT IN SEVEN PARTS, OF c. 300 B.C., FROM A DEPOSIT OF JADES AT THE SIDE OF A TOMB AT KU WEI TS'UN, NEAR HUI HSIEN, HONAN. (Length, 7½ ins.)

The tiger masks connecting the outer parts are of bronze gilt. The jade is carved with the precision and elegance found in the best work of the period. The addition of the horse in profile above the central segment is more reminiscent of the animal art of the steppes than of the customary Chinese stylisation seen in the rest of the ornament. No doubt an additional pendant, now missing, was designed to hang from the eyelet below the centre.

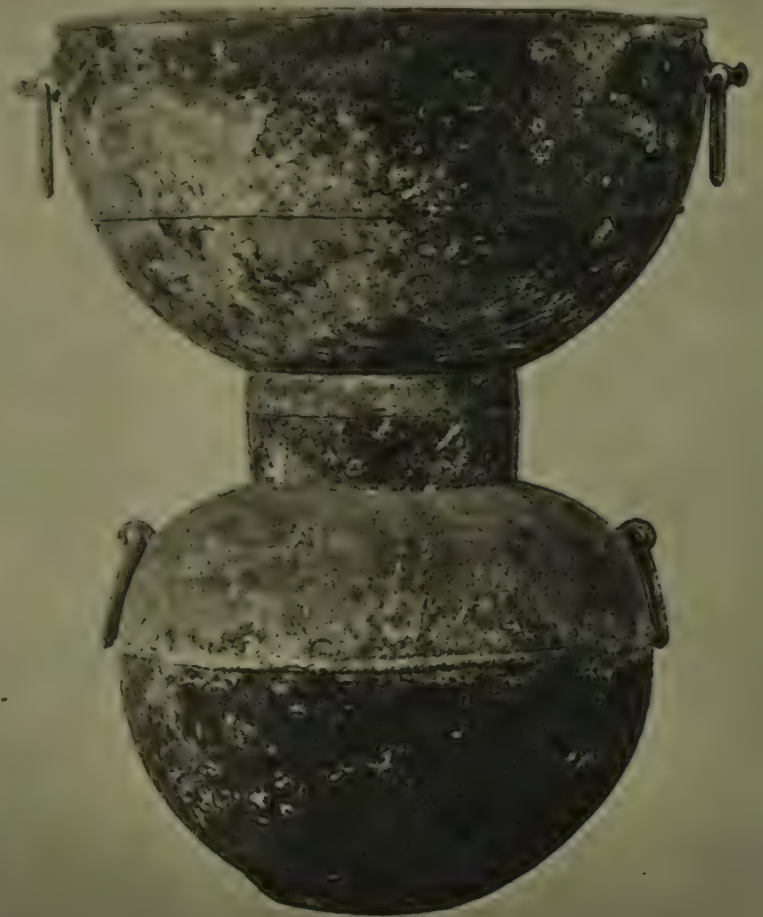


(Fig. 7.) MOULDED IN EARTH IN A BURIAL PIT OF c. 300 B.C. DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO CHARIOTS AND THEIR HORSES: "GHOSTS" OF CHARIOTS FOUND IN A TOMB NEAR LIU LI KO, NEAR HUI HSIEN, HONAN. THE SHAFT OF EACH CHARIOT RESTS ON THE ONE IN FRONT.

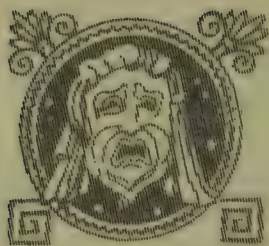
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and paintings, have a form of harness which permits the horses to push on traces with the chest (Fig. 3) and that, in consequence, two animals suffice to draw vehicles loaded with four or six occupants—a state of affairs which was not to be reached in Europe for another six or seven centuries. For the present we cannot say whether the improved harness is to be placed any earlier than the Han period, i.e., the period of the Liu Li Ko chariots. Indeed, the low position of the shafts on these do not seem to indicate a harness of the Han type. It is, however, a question which will be posed at every future excavation of this kind.



(Fig. 8.) FROM A TOMB NEAR CHAO KU CHEN, SOME 18 MILES FROM HUI HSIEN: A BRONZE HU OF c. 300 B.C. (Height to lid, 12½ ins.)



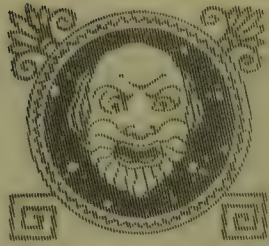
(Fig. 9.) FROM THE SAME TOMB AS THE VESSEL IN FIG. 8: A BRONZE HSIEN, OR STEAMER, CONSISTING OF TWO PARTS SEPARATED BY A STRAINER. (Height, 11⅞ ins.)



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

WEAK NEW FILMS AND A STRONG SURVIVOR.

By ALAN DENT.



NEITHER of two new films—"Island in the Sun" and "The Wayward Bus"—is likely to be still in the repertoire ten years from now. The plot of the first I propose to give as far as possible in its issuing company's own words, for non-committal reasons which will be obvious shortly after I have finished their synopsis.

A wealthy Jamaican planter (Basil Sydney) and his wife (Diana Wynyard), happily married for years, have two children. Maxwell, the elder (James Mason), is madly jealous of his lovely young wife, Sylvia (Patricia Owens). His sister Jocelyn (Joan Collins) falls in love with Euan (Stephen Boyd), the son of Lord Templeton (Ronald Squire), who is the Governor of Santa Marta. A visiting American journalist (Hartley Power) unearths a likely story about coloured ancestry behind the Jamaican planter's family.

Maxwell, though violently resenting the suggestion that he is a quadroon or even an octoroon, uses the possibility to stand for the island's Legislative Council, opposing the popular and colourful native Trade Union leader Boyeur (Harry Belafonte). Maxwell gives the election only half his mind, the other being preoccupied with a jealous hatred of an Englishman (Michael Rennie) whom his wife Sylvia seems to favour far too much.

As if all this were not sufficient intrigue for any one film, the Governor's aide-de-camp (John Justin) becomes attached to the coloured Boyeur's coloured girl-friend Margot (Dorothy Dandridge), while Boyeur himself begins to bask in the affections of Sylvia's handsome widowed sister Mavis (Joan Fontaine).

"The tensions between black and white," we are told, "build up to crisis point." My own utter lack of tenseness here must be partly explained by the fact that I had already decided that the film was too cluttered-up with characters as well as cross-currents, and that, anyhow, I was

the policeman—rather better played than any other character—declares that the island is only in its "birth-pangs of self-government," and that "all will work out, with time and patience on both sides, white and coloured."

What is one to say of all this mix-up? Even the best of us can be tempted into rash comment. When Miss Lejeune opined that the makers of

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



RICK JASON, WHO PLAYS JOHNNY CHICOY IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION "THE WAYWARD BUS."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "It is, this week, Rick Jason. He has not hitherto made any appreciable mark. He may never again have the opportunity of making any further mark. Yet he seems to me, as the sorely-tried driver of the eponymous vehicle in 'The Wayward Bus,' to give by far the best performance of the fortnight—and this is a fortnight which takes in an 'all-star cast' in the film about the colour-bar in the Caribbean called 'Island in the Sun.' Like that film, 'The Wayward Bus' is no great masterpiece, and even with Mr. Jason at the wheel it goes wrong in every sense of the term. But this new young actor brings to a trying part a winning kind of earnestness and an unusual sort of haunted good-looks."

conviction, and all who have seen the film as well must agree that it is "deplorable that this work, which gave such a lovely picture of West Indian scenery and was acted by such an array of good-looking performers, should do so much harm by giving to the world a distorted picture of West Indian life."

Though it has its provenance in a story by that fine novelist Mr. John Steinbeck, it is hard not to feel that the segment of Californian life shown in "The Wayward Bus" is not similarly distorted and false. The bus-driver (Rick Jason) has a drunken wife (Joan Collins), and we are asked to believe that in the course of the day's work he is in sheer desperation going to drive his bus into a deep ditch and just leave it there. He has already crossed a bridge in the nick of time before floods wash it away. And as if the storm outside were not enough, there is a storm inside the bus as well, since the passengers include that robust blonde, Jayne Mansfield (who—I know not how it is—always reminds me of Battersea Power Station), a greedy gentleman played by Dan Dailey, who is very anxious to please her, and a man-eating nymph whose parents have lost control of her (though they are in the bus with her) and whose latest aspiration is the unhappy bus-driver himself. This is, in fact, more like a psychopathic ward on wheels than a mere Californian bus. It need only to be divulged that almost every passenger achieves his or her ambition, and that the drunken wife has her husband happily returned to her in the end.

On the other hand, I have just seen—for the first time from beginning to end—a sixteen-year-old film which is now just as impressive (perhaps even more so) than on the day it was made. Perhaps only the other sex can relish absolutely every minute of its four full hours. Yet this is a film which has been running somewhere on the globe since it first burst upon our uneasy consciousness. I have, in my travels, been tempted to join queues to see it in places as far apart as Athens, San Francisco, and Brussels. It is



"IT HAS AT LEAST SOME LOVELY SEA-WASHED SCENERY TO RECOMMEND IT": "ISLAND IN THE SUN"—A SCENE FROM THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX FILM ABOUT THE COLOUR-BAR IN THE CARIBBEAN WHICH IS PRODUCED BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK.

having unusual difficulty in keeping the welter of characters clearly differentiated in my mind—the good looks of Mr. Justin, for example, being practically identical with and indistinguishable from the good looks of Mr. Rennie.

Those who may, nevertheless, be still agog to see this film—and it has at least some lovely sea-washed scenery to recommend it—should perhaps be told further that it has a murder; a duel involving a clever policeman (John Williams) which is none the worse for having some of the subtlety of the famous duel in "Crime and Punishment"; a revelation in which Miss Wynyard has the impossible task of telling her son that he is illegitimate; and some other developments almost too unlikely to particularise. In the end, though,

this film had taken "tremendous care never to give offence," her statement was set at naught by a letter to the *Observer* from Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor of Jamaica. All who read this letter must have been impressed by its ring of truthful



ONE OF THE STRIKING "LOCAL COLOUR" SCENES IN "ISLAND IN THE SUN": MARGOT SEATON (DOROTHY DAINDRIDGE) PERFORMING IN THE FAMOUS LIMBO DANCE, WHICH INVOLVES GYRATING UNDER AN EVER-LOWER CROSSBAR. (London Premiere: Carlton Theatre, July 21.)

nothing less than "Gone with the Wind." It handles the American Civil War with grandeur and with just the necessary touch of Whitmanesque poetry. It has Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland, presenting as nice a pair of people as ever existed on the screen. It has Clark Gable as the most excitingly bad man who ever smacked a woman for her good. It has the young, wild, ungovernable, devastating Vivien Leigh as Scarlett—"all a wonder and a wild desire," in Browning's phrase. It is perhaps a phrase of this Scarlett O'Hara's own which epitomises this character best: "I just love to make all the other girls absolutely pea-green with envy." Miss Leigh, delivering the line with a delicious gusto, has been doing just exactly that ever since this classic film was made.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"HEAVEN KNOWS, MR. ALLISON" (Generally Released; August 5).—Though it deals with a nun and an American marine cast away together on a desert island, this succeeds in escaping offensiveness, Heaven knows how.

"SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS" (Generally Released; August 5).—Pungent, not to say acrid, drama—involving Burt Lancaster (passable) and Tony Curtis (capital).

"TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON" (Generally Released; August 5).—The Americanisation of Okinawa turns out to be the Okinawisation of the U.S.A. Funny as well as fresh, and Marlon Brando is a quite enchanting rogue of an interpreter and commentator.

THE GENIUS OF CLAUDE MONET: A SUPERB EDINBURGH FESTIVAL EXHIBITION.



"THE MAGPIE": A MAGNIFICENT SNOW LANDSCAPE OF ABOUT 1869 IN THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL CLAUDE MONET EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas; 34½ by 51½ ins.) (Société Guerlain, Paris.)



"THE PONT DE L'EUROPE": ONE OF THE SERIES WHICH MONET PAINTED OF THE GARE ST. LAZARE IN THE WINTER OF 1876-77 (Oil on canvas; 25½ by 31½ ins.) (Musée Marmottan, Paris.)



"PORTRAIT OF PERE POLY": PAINTED IN 1886, WHEN MONET WAS VISITING BELLE-ISLE. POLY, A LOCAL FISHERMAN, WAS HIS CONSTANT ATTENDANT. (Oil on canvas; 28½ by 21 ins.) (M. Michel Monet, Sorel-Moussel.)



"LA JAPONAISE": PAINTED FOR THE IMPRESSIONIST EXHIBITION OF 1876 AND TO BE REPRODUCED IN COLOUR IN OUR ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 21. (Oil on canvas; 91 by 56 ins.) (Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.)



"PORTRAIT OF MADAME MONET": PAINTED IN ABOUT 1875-76 THIS SHOWS MONET'S FIRST WIFE, CAMILLE, WHO WAS ALSO THE MODEL FOR "LA JAPONAISE." (Oil on canvas; 46 by 35 ins.) (Mr. and Mrs. Nate B. Spingold, New York.)



"THE RIVER" A WORK OF 1868 BELONGING TO THE PERIOD WHEN MONET "EVOLVED THE IDIOM OF IMPRESSIONISM." (Oil on canvas; 32 by 39½ ins.) (The Art Institute, Chicago.)



"QUAI DU LOUVRE, PARIS," WHICH MONET PAINTED IN 1866-67, PROBABLY FROM A BALCONY IN THE LOUVRE. (Oil on canvas; 25½ by 36½ ins.) (Gemeentemuseum, The Hague.)

Despite the fact that it clashes with another major Monet exhibition in the United States, some 115 works have been assembled for the Claude Monet Exhibition which is to be seen at the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh until September 15. This superb exhibition, which has been sponsored by the Edinburgh Festival Society and arranged by the Arts Council of Great Britain, is then to be shown in London, at the Tate Gallery, from September 26 to November 3. Claude Monet was born in 1840 and died in 1926, and the exhibition successfully traces his whole development as an artist. Mr. Douglas

Cooper, who has selected the pictures and written the catalogue, believes that Monet's work "can be very roughly divided into five progressive but inter-related phases: the years of apprenticeship from 1857 to 1864; an early phase from 1865 to 1871, during which Monet evolved the idiom of Impressionism; a pure Impressionist phase from 1872 to 1877; an exploratory post-Impressionist phase from 1878 to 1891, during which he broadened his vision and elaborated his Impressionist technique; and finally a late, imaginative phase of Impressionism . . . during which Monet became increasingly a visionary."

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

FAR-OFF SEAS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE treasured Sir Barry Jackson's description of a revival of "The Tempest" at Birmingham years ago: a production that experimented in colour "founded on the iridescent tones of a seam of copper falling down the wet cliffs of a remote Cornish cove. The island and the characters belonging to it were of every shade of blue, from eggshell to deepest indigo, laced here and there with silver. The interlopers were in various reds and the linking character, Ferdinand, in a purple that was anything but strident."

I was thinking of this on the way to Stratford-upon-Avon for the première of Peter Brook's "Tempest" (it is odd how, in writing of modern

it is, the play is perilous to stage. Brook, having Sir John Gielgud—and who better?—to guard Prospero, has concentrated, it appears to me, upon scenes that often waver in performance. The wreck is swiftly suggested, silhouetted against an indeterminately violet-green storm-sky. Brook even gets a laugh or two here. He alarms us—at least, he alarmed me at the première—in the moment before the vessel splits when Gonzalo, clinging to the rail, speaks in sudden ominous quiet, "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death."

Gonzalo, curiously, was in my mind all night. He is usually turned to a small-part bore, a member of the Polonius Club; but here, thanks to Cyril Luckham, I found him wise and endearing. I could understand Prospero's affectionate smile as he remembered the noble Neapolitan's charity. Prospero does not often smile. As Sir John Gielgud presents him, he is a sombre, erect man of grizzled middle age. Good. There is no need for Prospero who, only "twelve year since," was exiled, to be a fretful centenarian. Gielgud does not let him drone. The man is austere; it is not easy for him to give up his so potent art, but his mind is royal and he speaks the verse with splendour: at the last there is a wistfulness that moves profoundly.

I have never known a Prospero more wistful in those

attainment of liberty, and the returning home." Not much alarms us on Brook's island. Even Caliban, an uncommonly well-developed monster, can look arch in a battered straw hat. Alec Clunes is a splendidly various actor, but it would do no harm if he were to coarsen Caliban's speech at times. Still, it is a performance that suggests the essential Caliban, and that can be acutely comic in the Stephano-Trinculo scenes; moreover, we can trust Mr. Clunes to respond to "The isle is full of noises." (Indeed it is: Mr. Brook's own *musique concrète*.) I found Caliban more expressive than Ariel (Brian Bedford), who is rather like a fluttering Slightly: his voice flutes gently, but he is hardly my choice for Ariel who must couch in a cowslip's bell.

Sir John Gielgud, of course, can keep Prospero's magic beating in our mind. He uses his staff as if it is truly an instrument of power, not like one actor I recall who seemed to be glancing at a cookery-book while he prepared to stir the cauldron. Gielgud's voice is tuned naturally to the verse. If anyone must say "The fringed curtains of thine eye advance," then Sir John is the man to say it. When we "require some heavenly music," then this is the voice to grant it. Who will forget the Epilogue's enfolding spell.

I will say no more now about the other characters—we hope to meet the production again, and at Drury Lane (by all that's wonderful), during the autumn. I can, perhaps, note Patrick Wymark's Stephano, charmingly like George Robey, especially at the line, "Prithee, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant." Clive Revill partners him as Trinculo. Excellent performances in parts that can be dire: here, again, Peter Brook and his players burnish the lesser scenes. For the rest, a salute to such figures as Robert Harris (Alonso), Doreen Aris (Miranda), and Richard Johnson (Ferdinand) until we meet



"WITHOUT BEING DEFINITIVE, IT IS AS GOOD A 'TEMPEST' AS I REMEMBER—ONE THAT WILL GROW": A SCENE FROM "THE TEMPEST" (STRATFORD-UPON-AVON), SHOWING (L. TO R.) SEBASTIAN (ROBIN LLOYD); ARIEL (BRIAN BEDFORD); GONZALO (CYRIL LUCKHAM); ANTONIO (MARK DIGNAM); ALONSO (ROBERT HARRIS) AND ADRIAN (TOBY ROBERTSON).

Shakespeare, the director's name comes first to the pen). Certainly it was easy to summon a Cornish cove. That very morning I had left Cornwall, saying reluctant farewell to a sea that glowed like the Ægean round the cliffs and caverns. No wonder that some of the stage pictures in "The Tempest" appeared to me to be surprisingly familiar in shape and feeling; I shall not forget, in particular, a moment when Prospero and Ariel led the bound Ferdinand into a huge cave with the sea a misted blue beyond the rocky orifice. There, for me, was the simple magic of the island. I admired these Brook sets—he designed them himself—for they never distracted the mind from the verse or snatched Shakespeare from us in the way that a selfish actor can take the stage from a colleague.

It is what the ingenious Mr. Brook does within his sets that can sometimes worry: the extraneous business of the mushroom-lift on which Ariel, as the harpy, must rise and fall (it reminded me, with irrelevance, of Alice growing and shrinking); and the repetition, in the Masque, of four words, "barns, garners, vines, plants"—I am not sure of the incantation—until the ear tired and we felt that we had been "delighted long enough."

Still, it speaks much for Mr. Brook that though—his sets apart—none could call this a simple production of "The Tempest," few of its ideas do distract us from Shakespeare. In fact, we are often brought to listen. I doubt whether many of us had heard before much of the dialogue during the Storm; I certainly cannot remember a production of the Courtiers' scene—this can lie like a deadly blight—that has so enlivened it without obvious fussing. Without being definitive, it is as good a "Tempest" as I remember: one that will grow. Beautiful poem though

moments of reconciliation and forgiveness when sunrise and sunset meet, and a great calm falls upon the isle in the far-off seas.

For me, there is little terrifying about the island as Peter Brook has recreated it. Sometimes in the past it has been a grotesque place that could deserve Lady Pitts' summary in "Daphne Laureola": "An old scientist on an island... had a daughter who was almost an imbecile. He had a slave called Caliban. He tortured Caliban with rheumatism and frightened him with spangled spooks. After twenty years on the island he sailed away and left it worse than it was before: no books, no spooks, nothing but rheumatism, and Caliban in a bad temper." At Stratford I prefer to think of Masfield: "He... filled the play with delight, with new invention, with all the gladnesses that mean most to men, the forgiveness of sin, the restoration of powers, the giving back of the dead (or that those "lacking, have supposed dead"), the finding of the lost thing, the



"IT SPEAKS MUCH FOR MR. BROOK THAT THOUGH—HIS SETS APART—NONE COULD CALL THIS A SIMPLE PRODUCTION... FEW OF ITS IDEAS DO DISTRACT US FROM SHAKESPEARE": MR. PETER BROOK'S PRODUCTION OF "THE TEMPEST," SHOWING A SCENE ON THE ISLAND WITH (L. TO R.) CALIBAN (ALEC CLUNES); PROSPERO (JOHN GIELGUD) AND MIRANDA (DOREEN ARIS).

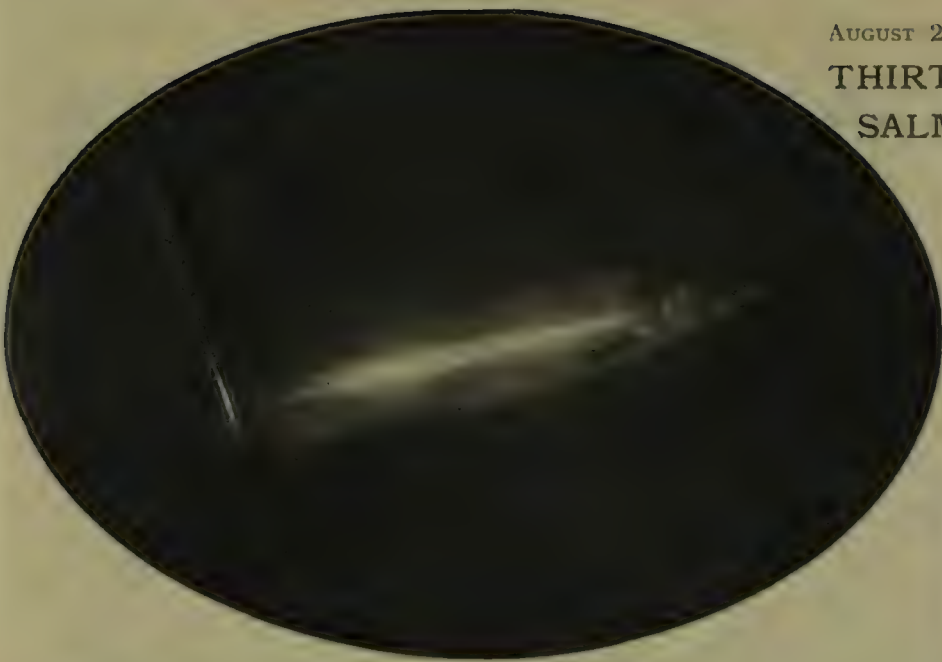
next. My series of programme-scravls has an anxious "Masque?" Is it "a most majestic vision, harmonious charmingly"? I shall wait to see it again. Assuredly, it takes the eye, but is it altogether what Prospero ordered? That matter, too, can rest until the transference.

Let me say simply that here, without doubt, is an island enchanted—by a director of extraordinary craft and by some noble Shakespearean voices. And if I think still, a shade wistfully, of Sir Barry's phrase about the iridescent tones of a seam of copper in a Cornish cove, that can be put down to a holiday feeling that lingers. Prospero's isle is not localised: it is a mystery in the far-off seas; and at Drury Lane I must remember that.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"NEKRASSOV" (Lyceum, Edinburgh).—Jean-Paul Sartre's satire, with Robert Helpmann, in the English Stage Company production for Edinburgh Festival. (August 19.)
 "THE HIDDEN KING" (Assembly Hall, Edinburgh).—Jonathan Griffin's historical drama, produced by Christopher West. (August 20.)
 XIMENEZ-VARGAS SPANISH DANCERS (Sadler's Wells).—The dances of Spain and South America. (August 20.)
 "SHARE MY LETTUCE" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A "diversion with music." (August 21.)

THIRTY-TWO STEPS TO THE SPAWNING GROUND: SALMON "CLIMBING THE LADDER" AT PITLOCHRY.



SHOOTING THROUGH THE BROWNISH WATER LIKE A SILVER BULLET: A BIG SALMON COMING UP THROUGH THE PIPE TUNNEL FROM A LOWER POOL.



LEADING THE SALMON ROUND THE DAM: THE U-SHAPED FISH LADDER AT PITLOCHRY WHICH BEGINS AND ENDS AT THE RIGHT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.



AT PITLOCHRY: A VISITOR LOOKING AT A TWENTY-POUND SALMON SWIMMING PAST AN INSPECTION WINDOW THROUGH WHICH THE PUBLIC WATCH THE FISH.

Scotland, already the land of lochs, will have about a hundred new ones by the time the current giant hydro-electric scheme has been completed. Great efforts have been made to preserve the famous salmon caught in Scottish rivers, which could not otherwise pass the new dams on their way upstream to the spawning grounds, and fish ladders have been built, the largest being at Pitlochry, in Perthshire, where the salmon "climb" thirty-two "steps" to gain the upper reaches of the River Tummel. The fish ladder at Pitlochry, which is seen in the photographs on this page, was completed some five years



COMPOSED OF THIRTY-TWO CONCRETE POOLS FORMING A 250-FT.-LONG LADDER: THE PITLOCHRY SALMON LADDER AND POWER STATION (LEFT).



APPARENTLY UNCONCERNED: A SALMON PAUSES DURING ITS JOURNEY UP THE LADDER TO LOOK AT AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR.

ago and is now visited by nearly a quarter of a million people each year. Thirty-two concrete pools, connected by a wide pipe rising about 3 ft. at each "step," form a 250-ft.-long ladder leading the salmon round the dam and up to the waters of Loch Faskally, just above it. At Pitlochry two inspection windows enable visitors to see salmon passing through one "step" of the ladder. The fish usually come up one or two at a time, swim around the pool for a minute or two and then shoot upwards through the pipe, emerging like silvery bullets in the next pool of brown peaty water.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ONE can hardly expect a real, thorough-going satire—when it crops up, which is only once in a blue moon—to be a true novel as well. Nor does it occur in “*The World’s Game*,” by Hugh Thomas (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.), which is satirical to the bone and slightly a novel for convenience. But on apt, though very tenuous lines. The hero is what he should always be, a variant of *Candide*: this time by the name of Simon Smith, Third Secretary in the Soviet Relations Department of the Foreign Office, where his prime concern is disarmament. Simon, after a year’s novitiate, has still faith and hope, and, of course, the object of the exercise is to disillusion him. At the same juncture, he has fallen passionately yet transcendently in love with his “master’s” wife, a worldly, pin-headed siren, whom he regards as virtue, sympathy and brilliance personified. And in the progress of his devotion to Laura Brail we have a sub-satire, merging with the first though different in tone.

But only for continuity and easy reading. The real substance is an anatomy of the Foreign Office, of officialdom, of popular government: or at least of British diplomacy and government in our time. Most of its people—diplomats and their wives, an occasional politician—are not actors but specimens. Their only rôle is to forgather at diplomatic parties and each other’s dinner-tables, for an exchange of gossip rarely mixed with ideas. That is, when they are not working. Their official activities are minutely described. We learn exactly what Simon does, in what physical surroundings, on what colours and kinds of paper, for whose immediate, further and final comment: how his work is passed on, and—unless it has been scrapped in transit—with what result. This is not fiction in any sense, but excoriation; we feel diplomacy has been flayed by just looking at it. But the satirical theme has also its drama, with two peak moments, of which the first and higher is a Disarmament Conference. I don’t like to enlarge; it might spoil the piercingly natural, horribly depressing effect. The other, slightly less telling crisis comes from the Middle East, and prompts our hero to burst his bonds.

One would be reminded of champagne, if champagne were lowering to the spirits. And yet—Mr. Thomas’s vision is not drab. The despairable element coexists with a wide streak of romance, not only in the hero’s defiant soul, but in the backcloth of summer London.

OTHER FICTION.

“*Far, Far the Mountain Peak*,” by John Masters (Michael Joseph; 15s.), is, of course, a new *Savage* epic, and presents the career of Peter Savage, with its turning-point in the First World War. He is an irresistible force, a high-minded, heroic juggernaut. “At all costs” he is going to climb Mount Meru, and to be Viceroy of India: which means at all costs to himself and everyone else. Other people, whether intimates or fellow-climbers, have to be slaves of his lamp, and he thinks they should welcome the opportunity. Up to a point, they do; he has the gift of raising them to a higher power. But in the end all those nearest him—his wife, his bosom friend Gerry Wilcot, his Indian disciple Adam Khan—are wasting away with “Savageitis.” Then comes the war. At first, Peter exults in it; then, having killed Gerry and lost his wife, he suffers a change of heart and decides, “at all costs,” on total quietism. From which, however, he is roused by the débâcle of an old friend during an Indian earthquake. And lastly, we have the mountaineer’s farewell to Meru. . . .

This is a large, splendid, full-blooded adventure story; but of late years the author has been getting *Savageitis* himself. The effect of his books was really more virile when the scale was smaller.

“*The Short Reign of Pippin IV*,” by John Steinbeck (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), might again pass for a satire—but not this week; and indeed the writer calls it a “fabrication.” As usual, a French government has fallen. Deadlock ensues; and it is agreed to restore the monarchy as a last resort. Only, which monarchy? The Bourbons are not dusty enough; but in Paris there lives a quiet gentleman and amateur astronomer of the blood of Charlemagne. So M. Pippin Hérístal and his wife and daughter are more or less forcibly installed in Versailles. Young Clotilde takes up with the son of a Californian Egg King . . . and the drift is alternately farcical and sententious. Very funny and agreeable at its best, but rather prolonged.

“*Two-Thirds of a Ghost*,” by Helen McCloy (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), plunges us into the American book world. The business managers, so to speak, of a little best-selling hermit named Amos Cottle have been shocked to learn that his wife is returning from Hollywood to be a “homebody.” For Amos, they explain, is a reformed alcoholic, and Vera will inevitably drive him to drink. Indeed, he arrives drunk, and is later poisoned by cyanide, at a party given to welcome her. But the question turns out to be, not so much who killed him as who he was. This aspect is gripping; Hollywood Vera is also good, mordant fun, while the publishing and literary-success rackets are laid on with a trowel. Whereas the cyanide problem is long shelved and rather perfunctorily solved. But the tale can stand up to it.

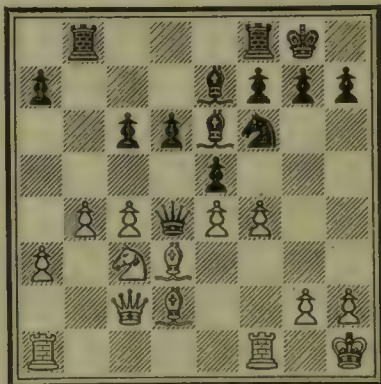
CHess NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE most amazing game I have seen for many a day is this from the Open Championship at Whitby in which White, after blundering away a rook, finds he can subject Black’s queen to a fantastic sort of perpetual check.

SICILIAN DEFENCE (?).

D. K.	H. G.	D. K.	H. G.
BUTLER	RHODES	BUTLER	RHODES
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	5. Kt×P	B-Kt5
2. P-QB4	P-K3	6. B-Q2	Kt-B3
3. Kt-QB3	P-B4	7. Kt×Kt	KtP×Kt
4. Kt-B3	P×P		
An incidentally curious note: nobody would ever guess that this position, which smells as Sicilian as Palermo, arose from a Nimetsovitch Defence to the Queen’s Pawn.			
8. P-QR3	B-K2	13. P-B4	Q-Kt3ch
9. P-K4	P-Q3	14. K-R1	Q-Q5
10. B-K2	Castles	15. Q-B2	B-Kt5
11. Castles	R-Kt1	16. B-Q3	B-K3
12. P-QKt4	P-K4		



Now happened something which must be unique in the annals of tournament chess. White picked up his knight intending to play 17. Kt-K2 but, by a momentary aberration, placed it on Q1, thus giving away a whole rook for nothing. He might well have resigned at once but when he had recovered from the shock, the more he examined the position the less terrible it seemed.

17. Kt-Q1 Q×R 18. B-B1
Threatening 19. B-Kt2, Q-R7; 20. Kt-B3. If Black now plays 18. . . . Q-Q5, then 19. B-K3 forces 19. . . . Q-R8, whereon 20. B-B1 would leave it up to Black to think up something better.

18. . . . B×P 19. B×B Q-Q5
We see the idea of Black’s eighteenth move . . . B×P. He can now answer 20. B-K3? by 20. . . . Q×P. Better the exchange and a pawn up with freedom than a rook up with a harassed queen, is his reasoning. But there’s a flaw in it!

20. B-K3! Q-R8
For 20. . . . Q×P would leave the queen harassed yet! 21. B-Q3, Q-Q4; 22. Kt-B3, Q-K3; 23. B-B5! with a new perpetual chase.

Black resigned himself to a draw by repetition by 21. B-B1, Q-Q5, etc.

An amazing feature of these variations is that from Q4, Q5, K5 or QR8, all squares to which she can safely go, Black’s queen has a choice of thirty-two squares—half the squares on the board—to play to, on every one of which she can be attacked without having any means of complete escape.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM TRAVEL IN MEXICO TO A PRIEST’S BRAVERY.

RECENTLY I have had the good fortune to cover a great deal of the ground dealt with by Nina Epton in “*Navarre: the Flea Between Two Monkeys*” (Cassell; 25s.). It was a pleasing experience to travel through Navarre and the Basque provinces in the cheerful companionship of Miss Epton, and of Professor Walter Starkie and Mr. Cedric Salter, whose books cannot be too highly commended, for good measure. The book takes its name, of course, from the disillusioned remark of Bearn’s dispossessed prince, Henri d’Albret, who likened his lost country, so sought after by France and Spain alike, to a flea between two monkeys. Miss Epton’s book, like Professor Starkie’s, starts on the French side of the frontier in the delightful, ancient and, by the English—who maintained a flourishing colony there from the time of the Duke of Wellington’s occupation—forgotten, town of Pau.

The final disappearance of that colony may be traced to post-war currency restrictions, but it is agreeable to find recorded that that versatile individual, Lord Alanbrooke, not so long ago astonished and delighted a Palois audience by singing “*Lou Ceu de Pau*,” which may be described as the Béarnais national anthem, in the local dialect!

Miss Epton’s book—as is not surprising in an area which saw a dying Roland at Roncevalles and Wellington’s redcoats pursuing a starving and beaten enemy through and over its savage passes—is packed with history. But it is history anecdotally recounted over the port rather than intoned in the monotone of the professional guide. The authoress has, moreover, mastered one aspect of the art of travel in Spain—that is if you have time to spare. She knows how to use the Spanish country bus, that remarkable vehicle which is mechanically a miracle of mind over matter. She is capable of making a guide, philosopher, and friend out of that unique character, the driver-conductor, preoccupied with seeing that the parish priest has a seat to himself, memorising the shopping list of a farmer’s wife, selling a hare and a brace of partridges for the local sportsman, and delivering the notes of love-lorn village maidens to their swains and committing to memory verbal replies (as correspondence is not encouraged by Pyrenean parents!).

In only one thing was I able to catch Miss Epton out. However, to cavil when so much pleasure has been received is ungallant. An excellent book.

Did I detect a very slight hint of a colonial inferiority complex in Señor Fernando Benítez’ “*In the Footsteps of Cortes*” (Peter Owen; 21s.)? Señor Benítez has written a charming, scholarly and arresting book, but here and there, in his desire to be a good “Mexican,” he becomes a little strident in his treatment of the conquistadores. True, the Spaniards showed themselves to be cruel, treacherous and unamiable in their treatment of the Indians. Nevertheless, the magnitude of the achievement of Cortes and his four hundred companions in conquering the Aztec empire against such fantastic odds remains an act of courage and faith without parallel in history. Moreover, I find it difficult to work up a great deal of enthusiasm for the “noble savages” whom the Spaniards displaced. They were certainly savage, and only possibly noble. Nor am I greatly impressed by a civilisation which never mastered the art of writing but whose priests’ hair was permanently matted with human blood. Still, while I cannot go far with Señor Benítez in his admiration for the ancient “free” Mexicans, I can, and must, record my appreciation of a book as well written as it has been translated.

In an age of little belief in anything except the inevitability of inflation, the burning religious zeal of the conquistadores or the quieter, less spectacular but equally brave faith of Fr. Henry Morse, the hero of “*Henry Morse: Priest of the Plague*,” by Philip Caraman (Longmans; 18s.), seems fantastic to the point of absurdity. Henry Morse was an “ordinary” Catholic priest of the first half of the seventeenth century, his opinions abominated by the majority of his fellow countrymen, living always under the shadow of death and the cruel laws of the time, and yet somehow carrying on his office. Fr. Morse was three times imprisoned and finally suffered the appalling death of a traitor at Tyburn in 1645. In the interval, however, he won the love and esteem of many outside his communion by his devoted work in combating the plague which was

endemic and occasionally—as in the great outbreaks—epidemic in seventeenth-century London. The author has succeeded in drawing not merely a moving picture of a brave and self-sacrificing man but of a vigorous, rumbustious, largely primitive England in which, however, men and women were deeply concerned with their prospects in the next world and savagely disputed among themselves over the desirability of the various ways of getting there.

For those interested in the details of atomic matters there is a little book: “*All About Radiation by a Nuclear Physicist and a Medical Doctor*.” It is published at 10s. by a body not untypically called “the Hubbard Association of Scientologists International.” My more craven friends will be relieved to hear that it is not quite as alarming as they might have expected—and I swear I did not invent the name of the publishers.—E. D. O’BRIEN.

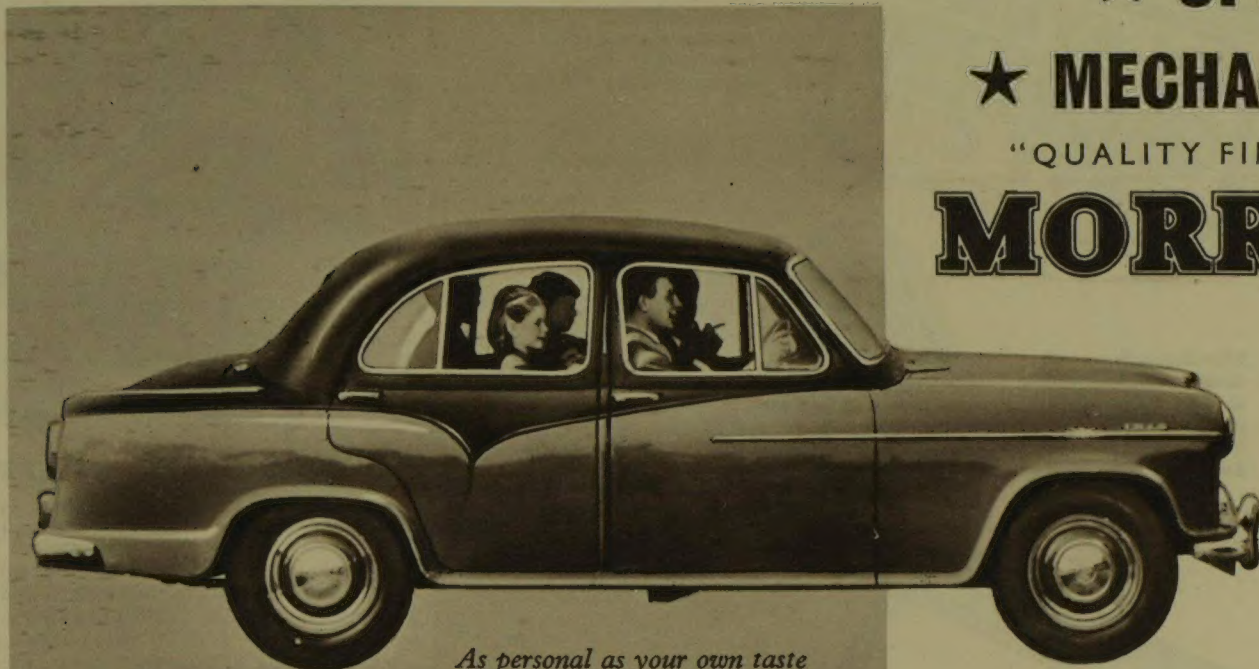
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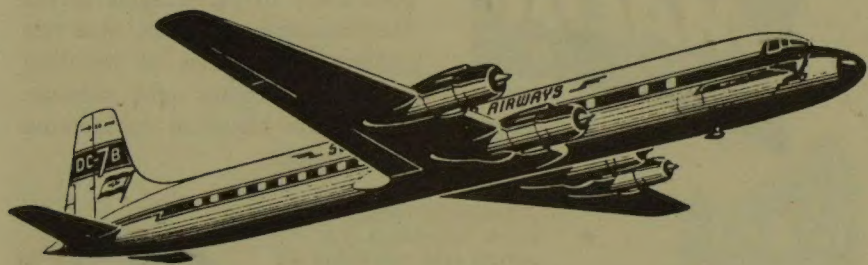
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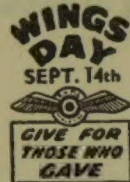
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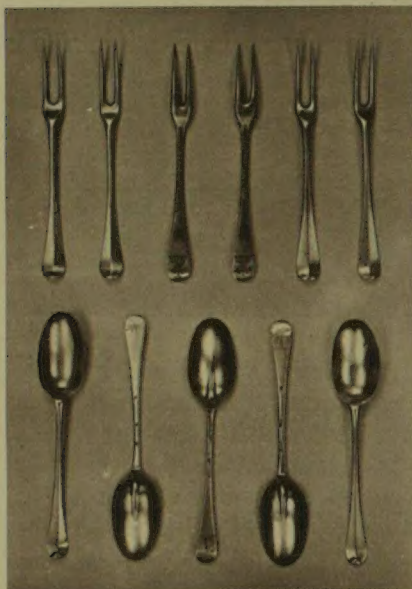


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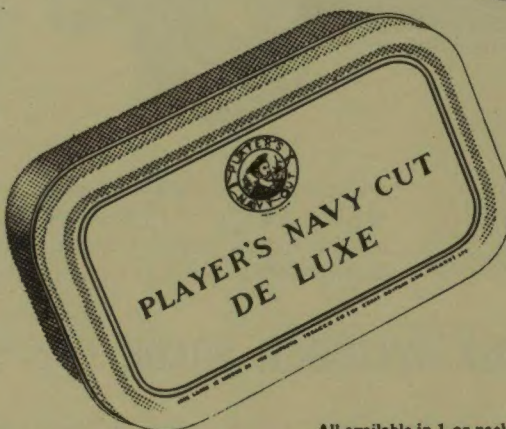
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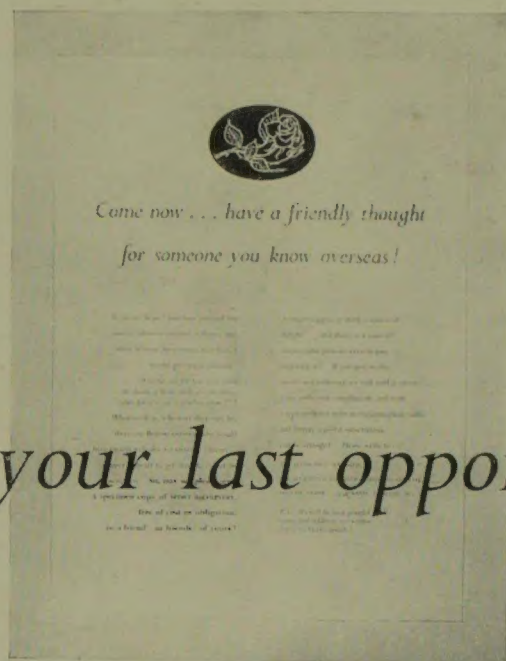
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